

MACLEAN'S

JANUARY 15 1952 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS

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The Scandal You Take For Granted

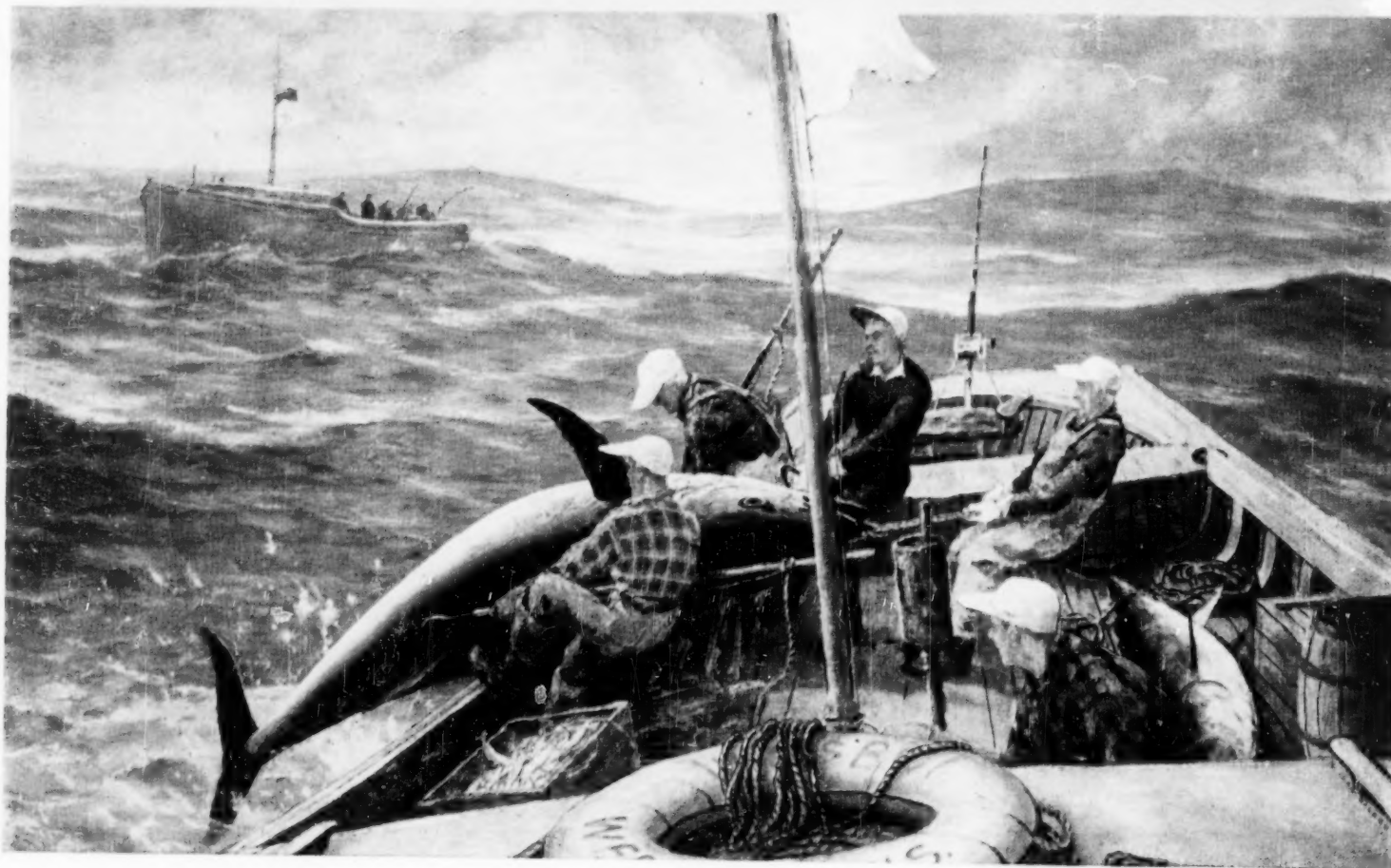
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EDITORIAL

LET THE SUPREME COURT REVIEW THE MEYER CASE

IT IS much too late for this nation to retrieve in full the honor and dignity it so carelessly cast aside to convict Kurt Meyer of war crimes of which he could not have been convicted under any tolerable code of justice.

But those who respect justice are entitled to ask at least that the shameful auspices under which he was jailed shall not now be atoned by releasing him under even more shameful auspices. This is precisely the course toward which the Government now appears to be drifting. The president of the court that sentenced him to death six years ago has now urged that Meyer be released on compassionate grounds; the prosecutor who built the case against him has now urged that Meyer be released in order to take up arms in one of the German units of General Eisenhower's European army; and Ottawa, although officially silent, has made a number of moves, including the transfer of Meyer to a military prison in Germany, which suggest it is preparing to release him for one or both of the foregoing reasons.

There is only one reason for releasing Kurt Meyer. That reason is that he was unjustly tried, unjustly convicted and unjustly jailed. He was tried under laws and procedures which deny the first principles of British justice. Many of the witnesses who testified against him never appeared in the courtroom. At least two of the witnesses who appeared against him in person were intimidated outside the courtroom and each of these contradicted himself on major points of evidence. In the most important charges of which he was convicted the onus was on him to prove his innocence, not on the prosecution to prove his guilt. These are serious statements. They were all made and fully documented in this magazine two years ago. The editor of Maclean's, who covered Meyer's trial in its entirety and has since re-read the court record in its entirety, is fully prepared to document them again.

It is important that we repair, so far as possible, the wrong that has been done to Kurt Meyer. It is far more important that we repair,

so far as possible, the wrong that has been done to justice itself.

To release Meyer on compassionate grounds or to release him solely to join another army might partially repair the wrong to Meyer. It could only magnify the wrong to justice. For if we release him on compassionate grounds while still maintaining his proven guilt we thereby say to the world: *Here is the bloodstained murderer of a score of defenseless Canadians. We consider him safe to be at large and we consider that six years in jail have been ample punishment.* And if we release him merely that he may join the NATO armies we say: *Here is a Nazi, criminal far beyond the common mold of Nazis; an SS man fanatical and cruel far beyond the common mold of SS men. We welcome him as a champion and defender of democracy.*

If the Meyer case has damaged justice, the damage cannot be repaired unless we will re-examine the Meyer case not in the light of sentiment, not in the light of military expediency, but in the simple light of justice. There is, fortunately, an honorable way in which such a re-examination can be made, if our Government will have the courage to make it. The Meyer case and all its procedures, principles and precedents can and should be reviewed by the Supreme Court of Canada.

We believe it probable that such a review, which was first proposed by Colonel Dalton Dean, a Canadian lawyer who attended the Meyer trial as an adviser to the prosecution, would result in the public repudiation of the kind of law under which Meyer was tried. It is conceivable that we and those who share our convictions are wrong and that the Supreme Court would find we can successfully maintain and justify one kind of law for some persons and a totally different kind of law for other persons. But only by seeking an opinion from the Supreme Court can we settle at the highest level of our jurisprudence and our national conscience those fundamental questions which it is too late to settle on any lesser level.

IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE

ZOE BIELER (rhymes with dealer) got her start as a writer like many another Maclean's contributor, with a college paper. Her s was Ubyssey. She found time to write The Cops Who Change Diapers, on page 22, while her two small children were sleeping. She now lives in Montreal, where her husband is an engineer. They live on the slopes



of Mount Royal in a house with a fine view of Mount Royal. . . That picture of Mackenzie King on the four-cent stamp these days was originally taken by Karsh for this magazine. . . Dub Slocum, whose picture appeared with John Clare's article U. S. A. in the Sept. 1 issue, says he has been getting fan mail at his Cresson, Texas, ranch home from girls all across Canada. . . George Robertson, writing about Movie Censorship: The Scandal You Take for Granted,

on page 10, is probably known to some readers as Repeat Golithly, a character in W. O. Mitchell's Jake and the Kid, a weekly CBC feature. . . Next month Mitchell returns to the magazine with the first of a sweeping two-part Flashback on Louis Riel. The Cover: Laughs are where you find them but they're not often found at long-hair art shows. Oscar found this grouping of heavily clad art lovers gathered around a summer scene amusing enough to make him laugh out loud. He fled home to slap it on paper.

MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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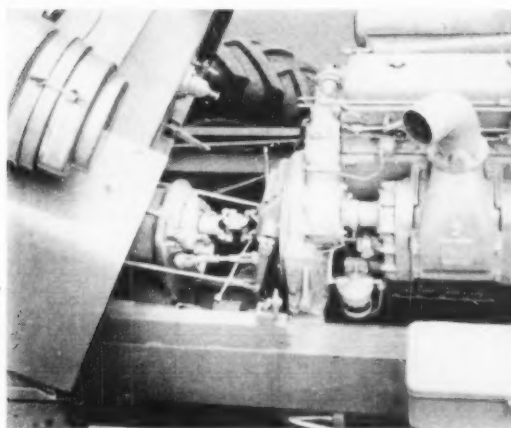
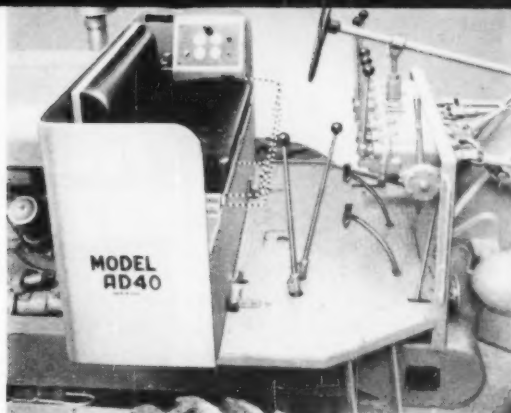
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PROGRESS AGAINST PNEUMONIA

One of the major achievements of medical science is the progress that it has made against pneumonia. A recent study shows, for example, that for every person who now succumbs to pneumonia, three or four were claimed by it as recently as 15 years ago. This gain has been made possible by improved methods of treatment—including increasingly effective medicines.

Yet, pneumonia is still an important disease—especially among infants and elderly people. It takes an annual toll of about 6,000 lives in this country. Doctors say that this toll could be reduced if the skills of medical science were used promptly—at the first signs of pneumonia. This is because the new antibiotic drugs work best when given in the early stages of this disease. So, during the winter everyone should be alert to these warning symptoms of pneumonia:

1. A severe, shaking chill followed by fever.
2. Coughing accompanied by sharp pains in the chest.
3. The appearance of rust-coloured sputum.
4. Difficult or laboured breathing.

Certain types of pneumonia may occur without these symptoms. However, if they do appear, call a doctor promptly, go to bed, and remain quiet.

Remember, too, that a neglected cold—particularly if accompanied by fever only a degree or so above normal—may be a forerunner of pneumonia. Even if fever does not occur, it is always wise to take care of a cold, especially one that "hangs on." Stay home and rest if you can, eat lightly, and drink plenty of fruit juices and other liquids.

While medical science can assure recovery from respiratory infections in a vast majority of cases, *prevention* is still largely up to you. To guard against pneumonia—as well as colds, influenza, and other respiratory conditions—the following precautions are advisable:

Try to build up your resistance: get plenty of sleep, avoid excessive fatigue, and eat a well-balanced diet.

Dress warmly when going out, especially during cold, damp weather.

Keep away from people who cough or sneeze carelessly.

The wisest precaution of all, however, is to keep in the best possible physical condition—for those with the most resistance and vigour have a definite advantage in avoiding pneumonia and other winter ailments.

Metropolitan's booklet, 12-M, "Respiratory Diseases," contains helpful information on many respiratory ailments. Simply fill in and mail the coupon for a copy.

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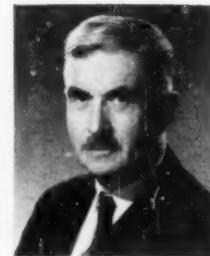
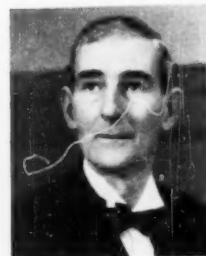
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LONDON LETTER by Beverley Baxter



When the Labour government fell, Ministers James Griffiths (left), Tam Williams, Chuter Ede and others took a four-fifths salary cut.

SHOULD POLITICIANS TURN PRO?

IN THE many years that I have been writing this letter I have tried to depict the political drama not only in the terms of actual events and scenes in the House of Commons but in the trends which make themselves felt long before they appear on the surface. As far as procedure and tradition are concerned the old Mother of Parliaments might still be enjoying the spacious days when Pitt and Fox and Walpole directed its destinies. We slam the door in his face when the Sergeant-at-Arms comes from the Lords with a message from the King, and at the end of each day's session the police shout "Who goes home?" in case we want protection from the angry mobs outside.

Yet the parliament which was elected last October is different from anything we have yet seen, and if I could predict its future I would be able largely to outline the shape of things to come for the country itself. First let me deal with the simple human problems that now confront many members since the election.

Last night I gave a lift home to a youngish socialist who was a secretary of state in the late Labour government. Before he entered parliament he was a journalist and making enough to support his wife and two children in reasonable comfort. When elected he gave up his journalism and lived on the thousand pounds a year which is paid to a private member. But since he was not allowed expenses for postage, stationery, secretarial assistance or travel (except to and from his constituency) he had to draw on his meagre savings to live.

Then came ministerial promotion and a salary of five thousand pounds. Almost overnight he was a world figure and rightly took a house in London, which although by no means elaborate, was more in keeping with his position. Of course he had to pay full income tax on his salary and if he saved at all it was only a paltry amount. But a secretary of state is entitled to live under conditions which have some relation to his high office.

But in October came the verdict of the polls and the socialists went

down to defeat. And now for a moment I ask you to gaze upon the startling change in the life of this particular minister, although it is symptomatic of nearly all his senior colleagues. One day he is the head of a great department with civil servants treating him as their chief, with secretaries at his beck and call, and a purring limousine in the courtyard with a uniformed chauffeur ready to drive him to parliament or Downing Street, or to some banquet where he is to be the principal guest and speaker. Whatever their individual politics his staff serve him with loyalty and even devotion. In short he has not only tasted power but drunk deep of it.

That was yesterday. What happens when he arrives to say good-by and wind up his affairs? The permanent officials drop their meticulous formality and tell him of their real regret that he is going—and they mean it. Even the charwomen wave good-by as he walks out. But there is no car waiting for him in the courtyard. It is there, but it is not for him. He does not possess even a bicycle, but he probably takes a taxicab home although already he knows that he cannot afford it.

There is a mass of correspondence from his constituents congratulating him on holding the seat but commiserating on his loss of office. There are other letters from officials and colleagues and even Tories who admired his work as a minister. "Isn't it lucky," says his wife, "that the No. 6 bus goes so near the House of Commons?" Then she adds: "We won't go away for a Christmas holiday this year. Let's spend it in London." The telephone is silent. Ah well, tomorrow the new parliament opens and it will be fun to see his old colleagues even if some familiar faces will be missing.

But how is he going to live? The children have to go to school, the rent is heavy, they will have to pay his share of the costs of a secretary. Obviously he must augment his income and he naturally thinks of journalism as the most convenient and companionable profession to link with politics.

British

Continued on page 36

BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA

How We Check on Loyalty

By BLAIR FRASER, Maclean's Ottawa Editor

THANKS in part to Rodney Adamson, Progressive Conservative MP for York West, the Government has taken another hard look at its own screening machinery in "security" cases. There will be no change in the basic policy (Adamson's suggestion of a "loyalty board" on the U.S. model has been definitely turned down) but there will be some important changes in method. Result: Even fewer Canadians are likely to lose their jobs on the mere suspicion of being "bad security risks."

Shortly before the end of the fall session Adamson raised in parliament the case of G. Robert Jackson, who'd been fired by A. V. Roe Company (aircraft manufacturers) and couldn't find out why. Actually Prime Minister St. Laurent had intended to make a statement on this anyway, even before Adamson spoke. But the Progressive Conservative intervention gave full publicity to Jackson's side of the case and put the Government on the defensive—where, for once, it was quite happy to be. The Prime Minister really meant it when he commended Adamson for bringing the question to parliament's attention.

Whether Jackson gets his own job back or not he will have done a service to others who may find themselves caught in the screening mill. From now on Ottawa will take particular care to make employers understand that when a man is excluded from secret work it does *not* mean he should be dismissed. Ottawa has no power to compel an employer to keep a man on, but many an employer prefers not to displease the Government. And the Government will be very displeased

indeed if there is another burst of unfavorable publicity, as in the Jackson case.

* * *

THIS whole business of security screening is, of course, a highly distasteful duty for a democratic government. Britain and the United States have both tried the "loyalty board" technique, where the accused gets some kind of a hearing. But officials in both London and Washington have warned their friends in Ottawa: "We made a mistake. Don't have a board, whatever else you do—it's a headache that does nobody any good."

Policemen don't like a loyalty board because they'd have to produce witnesses, and they can't afford to. In New York last year, for example, at the trial of Communist leaders, several witnesses were secret members of the Communist Party whom the Communists had never suspected, but who had been working for the FBI for years. Canada produced the same kind of evidence against Tim Buck *et al.* in 1931, when a high official of the Communist Party of Canada revealed himself as RCMP Inspector John Leopold.

In all these cases the evidence was devastatingly effective, but the price of it was high. Years of work had to be abandoned; extremely valuable agents had to be sacrificed and made useless for future service. It wouldn't take many such cases to wreck the whole organization of any national police force.

Even if the board did not insist on hearing the witness in person there are many cases when the information *Continued on page 44*



Cartoon by Grassick

When redistributing, the Grits will be trying to save Tory seats.

"Nero fiddled while I burned!"

says DEBORAH KERR

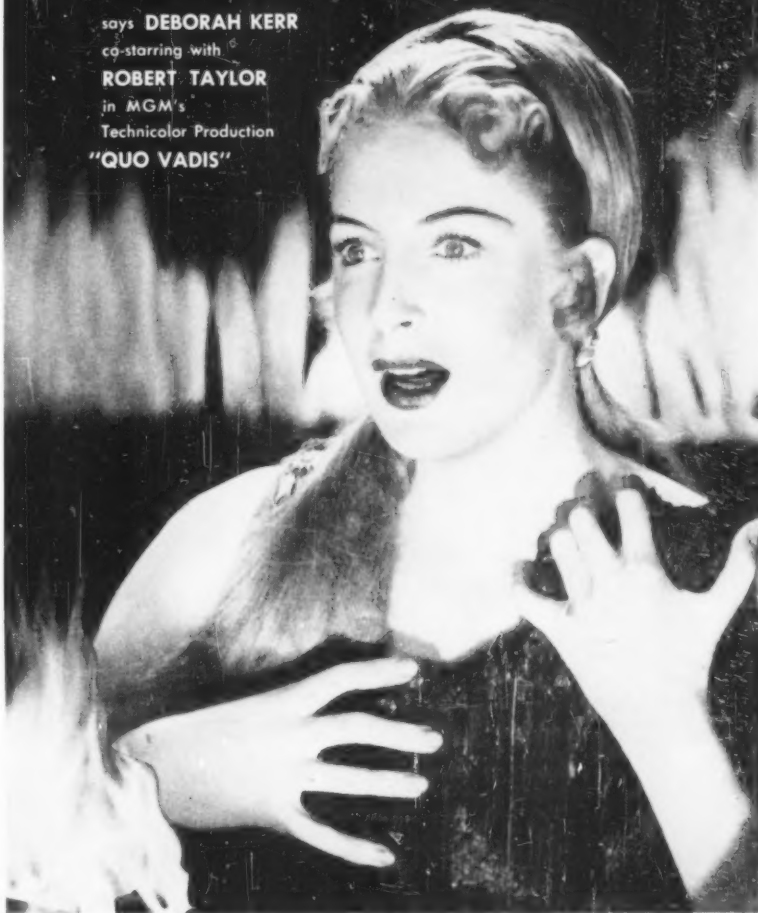
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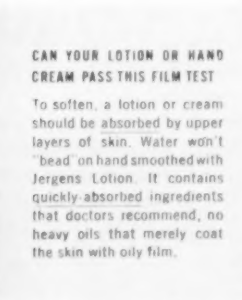
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Hands that work look lovelier in 24 hours

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● If you aren't getting much help from your present hand cream, maybe that's because it's made for lady-of-leisure hands. But working hands that go through a daily routine of cleaning-washing-cooking... or hands that work in an office or shop... need something special! Give them Noxzema's exclusive two-way *medicated* care!

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Read what women all over Canada have to say about this greaseless, medicated hand care!



Calgary: Mrs. Doreen Roberts says: "I just smooth on Noxzema whenever my hands are chapped. It's so soothing—brings instant relief."



Winnipeg: Mrs. Johanna West says: "In our home, all of us use *medicated* Noxzema all winter long to protect our hands from wind and weather."

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In his first office Dr. Greig sits proudly with the family who backed him to the hilt. From left: Kenneth, Velma holding David, Dianne. In front, Linda.

HOW THE GREIGS PUT POP THROUGH COLLEGE

By JOHN CLARE

PHOTOS BY PAUL ROCKETT

When Bob Greig left the Air Force he wanted to be a dentist more than anything else. It took six years and the fighting heart of the mother of his four children to enable him to rise above poverty, hardship and some low blows from fate to become, at last, Doctor Robert Greig

WHEN Dr. Robert Greig, a thirty-eight-year-old war veteran who graduated in dentistry last spring, faced his first patient the determination which had carried him through six years of hardship as a student suddenly deserted him. Excusing himself he left the patient, a woman, and walked from the sun porch, where he had set up his office, through the living room where his four children were playing to the kitchen where his wife, Velma, was baking.

The sweat glistened on his forehead as he approached his wife.

"I don't know whether I can do it," he said hoarsely.

She regarded him for a moment, then patted him affectionately on top of his bald head. "Of course you can do it," she said softly. "How do you suppose you've come this far?"

In his wife's eyes and in her words, but mostly in her eyes, Bob Greig caught the essence of six shared years, so long with toil and trouble that at



Young Toronto Island patient puts on a calm show for his pals as Bob probes gently. Greig now has an office uptown as well as his chair at his island home.

times it seemed they would never end. In that moment he knew again the look in Velma's eyes when he brought her, with a new baby, to the only house he could find—a house on Toronto Island where you could see the cold December daylight through the walls. He felt again the panic of the day when all three children were hurt, two of them seriously. He knew again the sour sick feeling of the day when he missed his exams and he and Velma had to decide whether or not to struggle on without the help DVA extended to veterans going to school.

But they had gone on and now they were where

they had wanted to be. Bob wiped the chilly dew from his high forehead and went back to the sun porch. There he took a fresh grip on his confidence—a hold that has been firm ever since—and on his forceps and pulled the woman's molar.

In a time when there are more baby carriages than convertibles parked outside the universities' convocation halls on graduation day; in a time when thousands of veterans and civilians in the nation's universities are fighting many a private epic battle against great difficulties, Bob Greig's story has a heroic, almost legendary quality all its own.

Bob had always wanted to be a dentist even during the prewar years when he was working in the transportation department of the B.C. Electric in Vancouver. When he was discharged from the RCAF in Dec. 1944 because the Air Force didn't need any more navigators he saw a chance, with the help of DVA, to do what he wanted to do. DVA assistance to Bob with two children—Kenneth, three, and Dianne, two—was a hundred dollars plus a month, together with tuition. The Greigs had a good equity in an NHA house in Vancouver. Ground steak was selling for twenty-five cents a pound. They were a healthy, determined

and happy couple as Bob told the B.C. Electric he wouldn't be back, and they set out on the great adventure.

Bob took an accelerated course that first winter at the University of British Columbia with the idea of later taking dentistry at the University of Toronto. They didn't give a dentistry degree at UBC. He got good marks that term and his DVA grant was extended. He went east in the fall; Velma and the two children went to Grantham's Landing, about twenty miles from Vancouver, to stay with her family. Their house was rented for seventy-five dollars a month. The plan to put Pop through college was shaping up very well indeed.

Bob found a room in a boardinghouse in Toronto and part-time work as a cleaner in the evenings. Then began the search for accommodation for the whole family. His advertisements brought no response and his longing to see his wife and children grew with his disappointment. One day a classmate showed him a clipping from a Toronto paper telling how Bob's son Kenneth had received a Royal Canadian Humane Association award for saving a young playmate from drowning at Grantham's Landing. His longing to see his family increased.

Just before Christmas Bob ran an ad reading: "Is there a Santa Claus? Veteran university student needs accommodation for wife and two small children arriving from Vancouver by Christmas."

The appeal brought them a two-room flat and Velma sold the house and went east with the children. The sale of the house added four thousand dollars to their war chest after the mortgage was cleaned up and they began to look at once for more space. By spring it was apparent that there just weren't any places to be had at the price they could pay. And the need was even greater now because Velma knew she was going to have a baby in the fall.

When Bob heard a dentistry course was being opened at the University of Washington, at Seattle, just a hundred and fifty miles south of his home town of Vancouver, he decided to move his family back west and take his chances. The family went by train. He would follow by car, a secondhand car which he would sell for a profit on arrival in Vancouver. The project was touched with disaster from the beginning. The tires blew out the first day and all had to be replaced. The battery packed up as well as some other vital and costly parts which Bob had never heard of before and can't hear

mentioned now without blanching. In spite of rebuilding the car en route he sold it in Vancouver for eight hundred dollars, or twenty-five dollars less than he paid for it.

Like the car, his fortunes began to falter. Washington couldn't take a Canadian in dentistry, it had so many GIs to handle. Bob got a summer job as a carpenter at Grantham's Landing but prices were beginning to surge and the Greigs felt the impact of the first wave on their savings. Linda was born a week before he left for Toronto to resume his studies, which were delayed by an attack of mumps—presumably a parting gift from his son Kenneth, who had had the ailment earlier.

Once released from the infirmary Bob began to look again for part-time work and a place to which he could bring his family. He quickly found work as a sweeper in the physics building at the university at sixty-five cents an hour. Space for a family of five seemed nonexistent until a classmate suggested that he try Toronto Island. The island, a crescent formation in Toronto Bay, was for many years primarily a summer resort until the postwar pressure on housing converted it into a year-round residential district with about three thousand people living, with few exceptions, in winterized cottages.

Four Long Months in Snow Boots

Bob was shown such a house on the windy lakeshore at Hanlan's Point, one of the three islands in the group. The house was frame, long and narrow like the railway flats of Manhattan, so-called because the rooms are strung like boxcars. In the case of the house Bob saw there was a suggestion that real boxcars had been used, for daylight could be seen through the walls. It was cold and unfriendly and had all the cosiness of a leaky two-story. But the price was right for a desperate student, forty-seven hundred dollars with two thousand dollars down. He took it.

When Velma arrived with Kenneth, Dianne at her side and little Linda in her arms, she turned to her mother, Mrs. Telfer, who had come east to help her with the children: "Don't bother unpacking, Mother. We can't stay here."

"You certainly will," said Mrs. May Telfer, a brisk helpful woman. "You haven't come three thousand miles to turn around and go back again."

Mrs. Telfer stayed in the upstairs apartment that first winter. The winter that followed for the Greigs made the Red River settlers' experiences

look in some ways like a junket arranged by the Chamber of Commerce. When it snowed, as it did frequently that winter, drifts formed in graceful ridges inside the house in line with the cracks in the wall. Bob shoveled them out before going to class and worked to plug the new breaches revealed in the defenses by each storm.

Velma didn't have her snow boots off once, except to go to bed, in the four months that followed. And over their draughty lives that winter hung the constant threat of frozen water pipes which were even more exposed than the Greigs.

When they left taps running at night to make sure they would not freeze, the basin or tub into which they were flowing would be sheeted with ice by morning. One night a hot-water bottle slipped down between the end of the mattress and the floor board of a bed and Velma missed it when she was making the bed next morning. By the time she found it later in the day the hot water had been turned into a solid chunk of ice.

The house was heated by an oil space heater in the living room and about sixty feet away, down in the kitchen, was a coal stove, the only other heating element, on which Velma did her cooking.

One day when the doctor was leaving the house after examining the baby a neighbor asked him how it was that her brood had a succession of colds and those Greig children were never sick. "Too cold for germs in there," replied the doctor, loosening his scarf now that he was outdoors.

The second floor of the house on the lakeshore was a separate apartment and this was rented by the Greigs for sixty-five dollars a month in summer and forty dollars a month in the winter. Later they cut their own downstairs apartment in two, keeping four rooms for themselves and renting the living room and one bedroom to a university couple who "were up against it and had no place to go." The couple paid twenty-five dollars a month for this after Bob helped the man to partition the living room in two. The two families downstairs shared the same bathroom. The income from these rentals was a big factor in the economic survival of the Greigs in the hard years ahead.

The hot-water supply was uncertain to nonexistent, and the night the gas heater burst like a bomb the shock waves of the disaster reached deep into the lives of the struggling Greigs.

Bob had been upstairs in his mother-in-law's apartment studying for an examination in organic chemistry the next day, *Continued on page 38*



Tug takes over ferry run across Toronto Bay when ice comes. Dianne sees Dad off to work at wharf.



Graduation day was a wonderful pay-off for all the Greigs. Now they're pulling for Pop again as he tackles building his own practice. That's not easy either, but the Greigs are mighty hard to stop.

MOVIE CENSORSHIP: *The Scandal*

Canada's eight censorship boards, which include ex-barbers and doctors' wives, sometimes ban a film without ever seeing it. The red-tape tangle of their arbitrary and potentially dangerous decisions adds half a million dollars a year to your theatre tickets

By GEORGE HILLYARD ROBERTSON

UNLESS you live in Newfoundland or Prince Edward Island there is a man in your province who has the power to prevent you from seeing any film, or any part of any film of which he, personally, does not approve. Although his salary is paid by your taxes he may refuse to tell you the name of the pictures he forbids you to see, and he doesn't have to give you any reason for his actions. Although his salary may run anywhere up to six thousand dollars a year he requires no

specific qualifications to perform his duties. He got his job either through the provincial civil service, or as an unabashed political handout. And, quite apart from what he costs you to maintain him in his position, he and his counterparts across the country manage to add half a million dollars annually to the price of Canadian theatre tickets.

Although the average Canadian movie-goer probably isn't aware of the fact, let alone appreci-

ative of it, he is one of the most ardently protected entertainment seekers in the world. He is also the victim of one of the most arbitrary, unnecessary and expensive systems of motion-picture censorship ever devised.

Eight of Canada's ten provinces maintain movie-censorship boards ranging from two-person teams, as in Saskatchewan, to the seven-man board employed by the Province of Quebec. (Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland get their pictures after they have been censored by either New Brunswick or Nova Scotia.) No other non-totalitarian country can boast as great a number of official film censors or censorship regulations. Even the United States, the largest movie producer in the world, has censor boards in only six states.

In spite of the fact that they are all public agencies Canada's eight boards operate almost as a law unto themselves. Although they may occasionally divulge information to an individual it is their official policy to refuse the public any information on the number or titles of films banned. Their decisions, while subject to appeal under certain circumstances, are fully binding and backed by the full force of the law, even though no legal opinion is ever enlisted in making them.

THESE MOVIES AND MANY OTHERS GOT EITHER THE SC



CITY ACROSS THE RIVER treats delinquency, was banned in New Brunswick. P.E.I. and Newfoundland accept movies only if passed by N.B. or N.S.



MAN — ONE FAMILY, a short on racial tolerance, though not technically banned was not shown to Alberta school children: it "wasn't in curriculum."



THE SNAKE PIT won Olivia de Havilland an Oscar but was only shown in Saskatchewan when followed by a note that this didn't apply locally.



CAGED, with Eleanor Parker, was banned both in Manitoba and Saskatchewan. Canada has more censorship boards than any Western country.



MONSIEUR VERDOUX suffered cuts everywhere but was almost amputated in Quebec, where main characters jumped about as in silent films.



EMILE ZOLA, a film on the famed French novelist (portrayed by Paul Muni), was banned in Quebec simply because Zola is on Vatican's prohibited list.

You Take For Granted

Under chapter 36, paragraphs 207 and 208 of the Criminal Code, the citizens of this country are fully protected from immorality, indecency or obscenity appearing in any newspaper, magazine, book, play, radio program or motion picture, with appropriate penalties for anyone found guilty of an offense. All information, entertainment and cultural media operate and take their chances under this statute—all, that is, except motion pictures. Instead of being subject to the normal laws of the land, movies are first subjected to scrutiny by ex-barbers, erstwhile stenographers, retired clergymen, tombstone makers, doctors' wives, local politicians and career civil servants who alone are empowered to decide what it shall be legal to exhibit in a public cinema. Unlike the executors of the Criminal Code, who work under a single and uniform act, each of Canada's censorship boards has an act of its own, incorporating it under such portfolios as the Department of Labor (Saskatchewan), the Department of Public Utilities (Manitoba), the Treasury Department (Ontario, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia), the provincial secretary (Alberta) or the attorney-general (British Columbia and Quebec).

Ostensibly, all censorship offices operate for the same general purpose—to protect the public from

films or scenes displaying obscenity, lewdness, excessive violence or brutality, infidelity, et cetera. But each defines its precise function in a slightly different way. For example, the B. C. Moving Pictures Act, in addition to the above taboos, describes "any such films as may be considered injurious to morals or against public welfare, or which may offer evil suggestions to the minds of children, or which may be likely to offend the public." The Saskatchewan regulations give even more latitude with the words "which, for any reason, the censor or censors consider injurious to public morals or opposed to the public welfare."

Legally these assorted censorship laws give censor boards the absolute power to ban any picture for any reason they wish. Subject to direct political control by the cabinet minister in charge of their department they could easily become the instrument of any political attempt to suppress general or specific ideas contrary to those held by the party in power. While such a possibility may seem inconceivable to many Canadians there have been enough indications of this kind of thinking to justify some fear in the matter.

Probably the most flagrant example of direct political censorship happened a few years ago when

Mitchell Hepburn, at that time Premier of Ontario, took exception to a news story about himself published in *Time* magazine. As a retaliatory measure he ordered the banning of the monthly movie short *The March Of Time* from Ontario screens, a ban which lasted for more than a year. In this instance the censor board did not even see the banned films—the distributor was simply told not to go to the expense of submitting them as they would not be acceptable in any form.

On another occasion the Ontario chief censor, O. J. Silverthorne, was told by the deputy minister in charge of prisons to ban a feature called *Women In Prison*. Because the film had been passed by every other censor board in the world the decision became a matter of some embarrassment to the Ontario censor board, which did not know whether the official was legally able to order the ban or not. Fortunately for all concerned the protesting deputy retired a few months afterward and his successor okayed the film for release. But the incident serves to illustrate what can happen.

Nor has Ontario been the only offender in this regard. In 1947 J. Bernard Hughes, chief censor for British Columbia, banned a Russian-produced war film, *Diary of a Nazi*. *Continued on page 40*

THE SCISSORS OR THE AXE FROM CENSORS ACROSS CANADA



STROMBOLI showed only in second-rate houses after pressure from people who objected to the private lives of star Bergman, director Rossellini.



SEPTEMBER AFFAIR ran minus references to divorce in Quebec, with the result that stars Fontaine, Cotten seemed ready to "live in sin" all their lives.



GREEN PASTURES was first banned, later passed in Ontario, where censors deleted the words "Kiss me on the mouth" from *A Streetcar Named Desire*.



THE OXBOW INCIDENT was denied New Brunswick audiences because of lynching scenes. B. C. censors have also cut mob-violence film sequences.



THE MIRACLE was judged sacrilegious in New York by Cardinal Spellman, which impressed Ontario censors—they banned film before even seeing it.



ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT, judged the best war film of all time, was withdrawn from Nova Scotia theatres until a recruiting drive was over.



WHY JEWS DON'T

By SIDNEY KATZ

ALCOHOLISM is becoming an increasingly serious social problem in Canada. There are at least two hundred thousand intemperate drinkers in our midst, including sixty thousand chronic alcoholics. In 1927 there were 31,171 convictions for drunkenness. In 1947, the latest year for which complete statistics are available, this number had skyrocketed to 70,868—an increase of one hundred and twenty-seven percent.

Inebriety has come to be a common factor in mental illness. More than seventeen percent of all men admitted to our mental hospitals are "intemperate drinkers."

Social scientists, anxiously studying this rapid increase in the alcoholic rate, have come across a startling exception: members of the Jewish faith rarely become alcoholics. A Jew seldom becomes blind drunk, seldom winds up in jail, in hospital or in skid row because of excessive drinking.

The statistical evidence pointing up Jewish sobriety is dramatic. In Greater Toronto whose population of more than one million includes sixty thousand—or six percent—Jews, the local branch of Alcoholics Anonymous, with a membership of one thousand, has had only two Jewish members during its eight years of existence. An inspector of the Toronto Police Department, after reading off lists of names of persons arrested for drunkenness, said, "There's not a Jewish name among them. That's the way it usually is." Statistically one could expect that of the three hundred and forty-five patients treated by the Toronto clinic of the Ontario Alcoholism Research Foundation, twenty-one would be Jewish; yet there have been only two. The admission figures to Ontario hospitals for alcoholism during a recent nine-year period (1939-1948) are even more revealing: on a proportional basis, for every Jewish alcoholic there were twenty Irish, twenty Scandinavian, six English, six Scottish, five French.

Using Sept. 1951 as a test month I asked the three family social-service bureaus in Toronto how often alcohol figured as a cause of poor family relations. The Neighborhood Workers Association (Protestant) told me that of 622 active cases 41 were complaints about excessive drinking. The Catholic Welfare Bureau reported that among 214

families there were nine chronic alcoholics; in several other families liquor was less directly a factor contributing to domestic difficulties. And what of the Jewish Family and Child Service? "We have a column in our record books to mark down cases where there's excessive drinking," a spokesman told me. "There hasn't been a single entry in it during the past year."

Enquiries made all over Canada reveal that the Toronto picture of Jews and alcohol is fairly typical. As Immanuel Kant, the German philosopher, tersely commented in 1793, "Women, ministers and Jews don't get drunk."

The statistics, regardless of where or when they are gathered, show the same remarkable fact in the U. S. as in Canada. During World War I the average rate of rejection for alcoholism in the U. S. Army was 3.5 percent; the Jewish "rejectees" had a rate of .5 percent, only one-seventh as great. The same was true in World War II. In the Boston area, during a two-year period, among the men rejected for military service for reasons of chronic alcoholism the Jews shared the bottom position with the Chinese. For every Jewish alcoholic admitted to New York State hospitals during 1929-31 there were fifty-one Irishmen, fifteen Scandinavians, ten Italians, nine Englishmen and seven Germans. In San Francisco in 1944 the rate of arrests for drunkenness per one hundred thousand population was Irish 7,876 and Jews 27.

If Anything, They Drink More

These figures are corroborated in other countries. Fifty years ago an English physician, Dr. Norman Kerr, commented, "Although I have a large Jewish practice I have never been consulted by a Jew about inebriety." Dr. William Feldman, physician-in-chief of St. Mary's Hospital, London, has noted that in the course of serving Jews of all classes for over twenty years he has not come across more than two or three cases of alcoholism. In Germany at the turn of the century an eight-year hospital survey shows the non-Jewish alcoholism rate as 29.2 percent, the Jewish rate as 2.7 percent. A study of Polish Jews before World War II revealed that their rate of alcoholism was only one-eleventh that of gentiles.

Yet Jews are not abstainers from alcohol—quite the opposite. A national survey of the drinking habits among major religious groups conducted a few years ago in the U. S. showed that only thirteen percent of the Jews were abstainers compared with the national average of thirty-five percent. The national average for "occasional drinking" was forty-eight percent, the Jewish average sixty-four percent. Indeed, it's been conservatively estimated that in the course of a year's religious and family celebrations the orthodox Jew drinks at least two hundred times.

Nor is the Jewish body different from the non-Jewish body in its reaction to and appetite for liquor. An eminent authority on alcoholism, Dr. E. M. Jellinek, of the Yale Center of Alcohol Studies, says: "The individual's drinking habits are acquired. Acquired traits are not transmitted by heredity. Any other point of view is obsolete."

What, then, lies behind the ability of the Jews to drink moderately and sensibly?

To find the answer a full-scale scientific investigation is now under way at the Yale Center of Alcohol Studies, Yale University. For fifteen years the Yale Center has been carrying on a broad program of research which encompasses normal and abnormal drinking habits as well as the effects of alcohol on the living organism. Over and over again researchers were impressed with the ability of the Jews to handle alcohol. They concluded that a study of Jewish drinking habits might lead to new ways of combating alcoholism. Dr. Selden Bacon, the brilliant young director of the Yale Center, hopes the completed study will offer numerous suggestions on how to curb the alcoholism rate. "To fight alcoholism," he says, "we've got to come up with something better than restrictive laws or smashing bottles."

The Yale Center is using a "multi-disciplinary" approach to ferret out the secrets of Jewish sobriety. Assisting Charles Snyder, the twenty-six-year-old sociologist who is actively directing the operation, are an assortment of specialists. Dr. Philip Grossman, a Semitic scholar, is reviewing all Hebrew literature to see how alcohol crosscuts Jewish culture. The staff of the Yale Plan Clinic, under Dr. Giorgio Lolli's direction, is examining a group of Jewish people to obtain medical, dental

It's a fact that alcoholism among Jews is twenty times more rare than among some gentile groups. Scientists are trying to discover why this is and when they do they may find the answer to a growing social problem

GET DRUNK



and nutritional information. Anthropologists Ruth Landman, Snyder's co-worker, Norman Zide and William Mangin will contribute special data regarding social customs and organization in Jewish life.

The present plan calls for interviewing a random sample of three hundred Jewish families—parents, adolescents and children—in New Haven, Conn. Several hundred Jewish students at various American colleges will be questioned. The general interviews now being given usually take two to three hours, although sometimes they stretch to six or seven. Later a series of more intensive psychological and psychiatric interviews will take place. Then the case histories of the few known Jewish alcoholics will be microscopically examined.

One of the first things that impressed sociologist Snyder was the initial reaction of the Jewish people he contacted. "Why interview me?" they would ask. "I can't help you. I don't drink." Later he discovered that like most of their coreligionists they did drink regularly. Drinking was such an integral part of their life that they hadn't given it very much thought. By "drinking" they meant "drinking to excess."

The end of the Yale project is not yet in sight. But on the basis of what has already been done, and from discussions of Jewish drinking elsewhere, certain factors begin to emerge.

One of the most basic and important reasons for Jewish moderate drinking may be the Jew's "ritual attitude" toward drink. Drinking, principally in the form of wine, is inextricably bound up with his religious life. Wine is sacred and drinking an act of communion. This association starts when the Jew is eight days old: at his circumcision ceremony wine is blessed and drunk. There are at least four rituals each Sabbath at which the drinking of wine is the central act of communion. At Passover there are four ritual partakings of wine. At a marriage the bridal couple and their relatives share a cup of consecrated wine and the glass is broken, apparently meaning that the union is final.

Thus, from earliest childhood, drinking to the Jew is bound up with his attitude toward the sacred in his mind and emotions. Prof. Robert Freed Bayles, of Harvard University, formerly of the Yale Center of Alcohol Studies, comments: "In my

opinion this is the central reason why drunkenness is regarded as indecent for a Jew. Drunkenness is a profanity, a perversion of the sacred use of wine."

Growing up in a home where drinking is accepted as a casual and pleasant part of family life can have a profound effect on the youngsters. Recently Dr. Donald Davison Glad, a California psychologist, compared the home background of a group of Jewish adolescents with that of an Irish group. Drinking was much more common in Jewish homes: almost twice as many Jewish parents approved of drinking. Indeed, one Jewish wine manufacturer advertises his product: "Wine like mother used to make." Jewish children were encouraged to drink at home and at a much earlier age than the non-Jewish.

Wine That Gladdens the Heart

More than twice as many Irish as Jewish parents were opposed to drinking; twice as many said drinking was for grownups only. The result? Irish youngsters would often drink clandestinely outside the home to prove that they were men.

Summing up his findings Dr. Glad says in effect, "Jewish parents are permissive in their home with regard to the use of alcoholic beverages. The children have the opportunity to learn moderation and self-control in the safety of the home setting. On the other hand in many Irish homes drinking was strictly forbidden. Youngsters would thus drink secretly outside the home as proof of their maturity. Sometimes this led to the habit of excessive drinking."

This friendly attitude toward drinking is part and parcel of Jewish tradition. From the Old Testament comes the quotation, "Let him drink and forget his poverty . . ." The psalmist praised God for the "wine that maketh glad the heart of man." Because of its moderate qualities wine was the preferred drink.

On the other hand excessive drinking is repeatedly condemned in the harshest terms. In Proverbs the question is posed, "Who hath woe? Who hath sorrow? They that tarry too long at the wine . . . At last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." The Talmud (the body of Jewish civil

and canonical law) explains that "wine is one of the things useful in small quantities." While one cup of wine is recommended for a woman, "two are disgraceful, three demoralizing and four brutalizing."

Does the Jew drink moderately because he fears what his non-Jewish neighbors might think of him? This long-popular theory runs something like this: The Jew belongs to a minority group. If he gets drunk and misbehaves he will be condemned by the non-Jewish majority not only for being drunk but also for being a Jew. Thus although the Jew drinks he is rigidly self-controlled and cautious.

The Yale researchers feel this argument leaves a lot of things unexplained.

The truth is that the alcoholic drinks, not as a result of carefully weighing the pros and cons of drinking, but in response to an overwhelming need to drink. That need overrides all practical considerations. Snyder feels that long before the Jew starts figuring out whether he's going to drink to excess or not, he's acquired a set of habits and attitudes toward drink. "These habits and attitudes are hidden deep in the fabric of Jewish life and culture," says Snyder. "And that's what we're trying to get at in our research."

The Yale researchers feel that in the warmth of Jewish community and family life may be found some of the reasons for Jewish sobriety. Here the Jew strongly feels that he is part of a group, that he is loved and accepted. One explanation of this strong community feeling was offered by the eminent French sociologist and philosopher Emile Durkheim fifty years ago:

The persecution which Christianity has visited on them for so long has produced unusually strong feelings of solidarity among the Jews. The necessity of fighting against a general hostility . . . forced them to hold close to one another. Consequently, each community became a small compact cohesive society which had a very vital feeling of itself and its unity.

While Canadian and American Jews live in cities and towns far different from those just described, there are still to be found Jewish neighborhoods with Hebrew schools, synagogues, temples, social, recreational and charitable organizations. By contrast the alcoholic is likely to feel alone, rejected, outside of things.

But much more

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DINOSAUR VALLEY, ALTA.

Near Drumheller you drop five hundred feet and sixty million years into the weird canyon of the badlands, graveyard of prehistoric monsters. Yet "up on top" no one minds that most Canadians haven't heard about this great tourist attraction

By BARBARA MOON

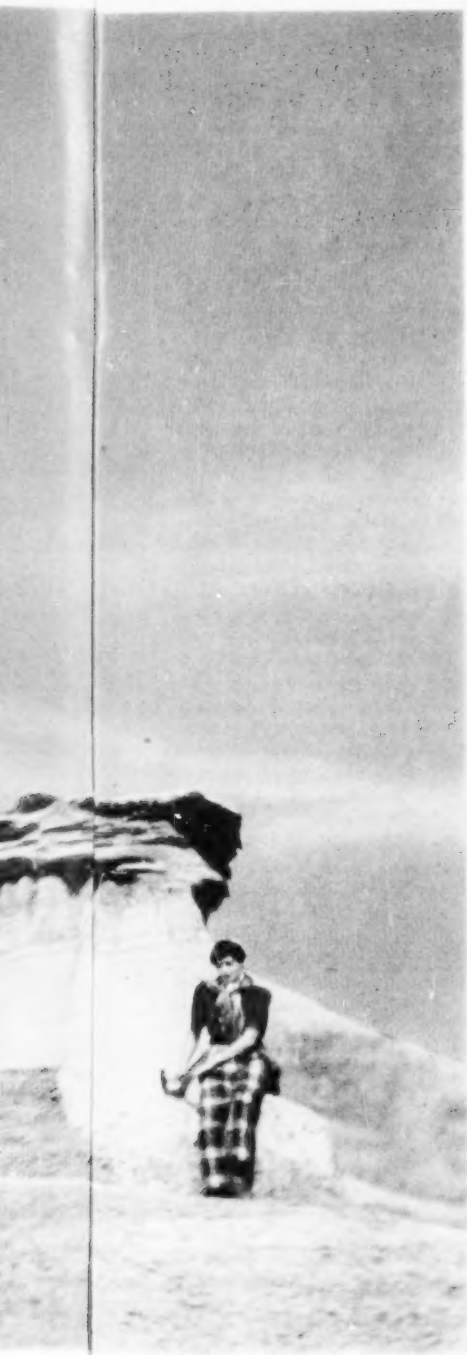
COLOR PHOTOS BY ALFRED BLYTH

EIGHTY-EIGHT MILES northeast of Calgary the bland prairie reaches of Alberta are split by a valley as extravagantly fantastic as a Salvador Dali canvas.

Called by Canadian artist A. Y. Jackson "the most paintable valley in western Canada" its ravaged canyons and grotesquely regimented formations are every bit as spectacular as the Grand Canyon. Here, in a setting straight out of the primordial past, cattle rustlers, bootleggers and cowboys have made a lusty wild-west drama of its latter-day history. The record of an older and more elemental drama has brought paleontologists from all over the world to comb its arid gulches, for the valley is known as the richest dinosaur graveyard in the world. Yet Albertans estimate that three quarters of the rest of Canada has never heard of the Red Deer badlands.

This sweeping statement doesn't, of course, include Canada's geologists. They know the badlands well.

Just under the surface of central Alberta



Dinosaur skeletons retrieved from the badlands are star exhibits in museums all over the world. This duck-billed specimen is at the Royal Ontario Museum.



Here the valley is five hundred feet deep and two to four miles across. It's semi-desert, almost bare of vegetation except for cactus, sagebrush and a few stunted junipers. From the stream in the centre the weird formations spread in geometrically ascending steps: furrowed buttes, red shale hummocks, fluted dunes, and, of course, the hoodoos that look like giant mushrooms with hard sandstone caps on soft wind-turned bases. Vast desert fortifications, they are, ribboned with faded color in the tense sunny afternoons.

Above on either side stretch the ranges and rich wheat fields of Alberta. The valley splits them like a flesh wound that won't heal.

Drumheller, which has a population of twenty-five hundred, huddles between cliffs and river. It has appropriated to itself the honor of being Gateway to the Badlands. It points out with sweet reasonableness that it's the only city actually in the valley; it is smack in the midst of some of the most exotic badlands scenery; the two most pro-

ductive dinosaur quarries are respectively twenty miles upstream and seventy miles downstream, and—the clincher—these high spots are as accessible from Drumheller as anywhere.

Hanna, on the plains to the northeast, and Brooks, to the southeast, have both made tentative passes at the Gateway title, but so far Drumheller is away ahead on points.

The Drumheller claims are actively touted by Chamber of Commerce members such as John Mackay, father of Calgary's Mayor Don Mackay. He is a stubby man with wispy grey hair, a cherubic face and a habit of peering over his glasses, who works from a cluttered pocket-sized office just off Main Street. For twenty-six years he has been secretary of the Drumheller and District Chamber.

The District includes a string of hamlets which have sprung up along the valley around the score of mines working the ancient formations for their

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lie layer after layer of bog iron, clay, sandstone, shale and coal laid down sixty million years ago at the end of the earth's great Middle or Mesozoic Age. The Red Deer River, which pushes east and southeast from the Rockies to the Saskatchewan border, cuts into an outcrop of this vast shield. The river and its tributaries have knifed into the clay and sand filler as if they were butter, rinsing them away from the harder sandstone strata. Like a copper engraving under acid the outcrop has yielded to erosion and dissolved down to the river flats in buttes and tablelands crisscrossed by gulch and coulee. In the strict geological sense the Red Deer badlands occur wherever the river has probed the ancient formations—anywhere from Ardley where the Red Deer bends southeast to the eastern provincial boundary.

Actually the term badlands is familiarly applied to a spectacular ninety-mile stretch bisected by Calgary-Saskatoon Highway No. 9 at the point where it drops down to the city of Drumheller.



This was once the shore of a steaming sea, fed by swift torrents from the Rockies.

HOW TO START WORRYING AND STOP LIVING

Let one of Canada's most
expert worriers tell you
how to fret successfully.
Move up on the edge of your
chair, select a fingernail to
gnaw on and enjoy yourself



ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN

ILLUSTRATED BY DUNCAN MACPHERSON

I'VE ALWAYS been a sucker for books on self-help and, one lunch hour recently when I came across Dale Carnegie's *How to Stop Worrying and Start Living*, I soon sat with the book open beside a plate of fried scallops, chuckling away with Mr. Carrier, of Syracuse, N.Y., whose stomach and insides used to twist with worry until he learned to Face The Worst Possible Thing That Could Happen To Him; nodding my head in agreement with the public relations and advertising director for the Adcrafters Printing and Offset Company Inc., who worried himself into a spasmodic transverse colon by not Dividing His Time Into Daytight Compartments; and vowing that from now on the new carefree Allen would take over.

That was a week ago and I have just given my book to the veterans' paper drive and gone back to quietly gnawing my nails. About all I got from the whole deal was a sort of melancholy satisfaction that I'm still one person Mr. Carnegie hasn't influenced or made friends with.

Not that I'm against the idea of self-help. Doing something about human nature seems the only way out of the endless problems mankind gets itself into, and as good a place to start as any is with the human habit of worry. But it's going to take some doing and, for the average guy like myself, it's not going to be done simply by reading how the problem was faced by Gene Autry, Roger Babson, Dorothy Dix, Henry Morgenthau Jr. (who worried about four million four hundred thousand bushels of wheat), Jack Dempsey and Percy H. Whiting, managing director of Dale Carnegie and Co., 50 East 42nd Street, New York. For instance, Gene Autry says: "I now get a salary of one hundred thousand a year plus one half of all the profits on my pictures. However, I realize that this arrangement won't go on forever. But I am not worried." This evidently is making different use of the word "worry" than I do. My worries are about little things like remarks my wife makes and will probably keep right on making long after Mr. Morgenthau has got rid of his wheat and, so far, Mr. Carnegie hasn't come up with the answer.

What I mean is, my wife will come home from shopping for children's clothes, put the car keys on the table, and, before she has even taken off her coat, open a parcel, hold a jumper up against Jane, bite her lip and say absently, without even looking at me: "There's something wrong with that car."

I give a start. My teeth slip off my nails with a loud snap. The thing is, I know there's something wrong with the car. There's always something wrong with a car. I worry about it all the time. I'm as alert to new sounds as a test pilot. I worry about whether I should buy a new one, or just a partly new one; or whether that would just partly solve my problems, like just having part of the motor burn out.

But my only chance of having any peace of mind is to forget it, which I finally manage by snarling at the wallpaper: "I'M NOT GOING TO THINK ABOUT THE !!(&!! THING ANY MORE. IT WILL PROBABLY RUN FOR YEARS."

This is when my wife comes in again and says, "There's something wrong with it." She goes on: "I noticed a funny noise over in that part where the electricity goes through."

I go to pieces. I walk around murmuring, "What does she mean, electricity? She thinks the car runs by electricity mixed with gas. Does that mean the carburetor is shot? The distributor? And what does she mean 'go through'?"

I wish she'd explain what she means, but I'm afraid to ask her and I usually go down in the cellar and start shaking the furnace so that I can't hear her in case she does.

But after I'd read *How To Stop Worrying and Start Living* I sat there trying to Divide My Time Into Daytight Compartments. Nothing happened other than a peculiar feeling around my ears as if I were being fitted for a pair of glasses. I tried

watching the Present Moment drop like a grain of sand through an hourglass. I didn't feel any better. I began to see sand pouring through my carburetor, and spark plugs being pushed through an hourglass by Mr. Carnegie. I tried dividing my wife into Daytight Compartments.

She looked around and said, "If you're going to get into one of those childish moods you always get into when I say there's something wrong with the car I won't tell you when I hear those funny noises under the trunk."

Mr. Carnegie's remedy, Divide Your Time Into Daytight Compartments, is just a polite way of flapping his palm in my face and saying, "Aw, forget it. Quit worrying." That's just what I paid three-fifty to find out how to do, and nobody's fooling me by saying the same thing another way. What Mr. Carnegie should answer if he really wants to help is how do you do something that you know you should do, but can't? After all, most of us know the course; we just keep slicing to the right.

Another thing: I don't think Carnegie ever met a really experienced professional worrier. Take his Mr. Carrier, for instance, who worried about the chance of losing his income. I could worry more than that eating a banana split at high noon, without even wrinkling my forehead. For me to imagine myself being without an income would be refusing to face the harsh realities of life. I'd at least imagine myself eight hundred and seventy-five dollars in debt, listening to the garage tell me over the phone that my transmission was shot, while with my other hand I opened a letter from an editor that read: "This is too long, too dull, too slight, too late, and what's it all about? What else are you working on?"

The Worst Thing Possible

If Mr. Carrier wants to try some really major-league worrying he should look in at me at three in the morning, when I'm usually worrying about who I am. These sessions start with me lying there thinking of a lot of things, from the time I got licked by a kid named Stinky Elms to last week when I was asked by a quiet friendly girl at a party what I thought of a certain commercial illustrator and said, "I THINK HE STINKS" just before I found out he was her father. From there it's a natural step to wondering, "Who am I?" If I fall asleep I awaken with a loud choking "y-a-a-ak!" and a sound of being strangled to death. I've been doing this ever since I was fourteen. My brother used to swat me and say, "For gosh sakes, shut up." Now I usually pad out to the kitchen in my pyjama tops, make a cup of cocoa and a sandwich and think cheerful thoughts, like someone leaving me a million or that I am King.

But Mr. Carnegie told me to face the situation by imagining the Worst Possible Thing That Could Happen To Me. This might have been all right for Mr. Carrier but obviously he didn't have any imagination. I imagined that I kept meeting myself in different places, waiting on me at lunch counters, taking my ticket at a movie. Finally I imagined I went in to see a bank manager for a loan and when he looked up from a column of figures and said he'd love to do it but the government wouldn't let him, it was me. Neither of us knew what to say. We both gave nervous little laughs and wiped our glasses. At this point I pulled the bedclothes over my head and hollered for my wife, who thought I was outside in the driveway, ran to the window and knocked the alarm clock off the night table, which made me think she'd gone crazy and I started screaming, "What's the matter!"

These things can't be overcome by reminding me that nervous tension causes myopia, high blood pressure, ulcers and dental decay, either. And when the Carnegies of this world tell me a story of a man in Florida who had a farm where nothing would grow but rattlesnakes, but

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CONN SMYTHE:

That Man in the Greens

PART TWO

By TRENT FRAYNE



A Leaf goal brings shouts of delight from Smythe, assistant trainer Bill Smith, and Red Horner, a star of the Thirties. The boss used to ride referees from this vantage point.

CONN SMYTHE has been the driving force behind professional hockey's most successful team, the Toronto Maple Leafs, for twenty-five years and has sold his product so well that there was not an empty seat in Maple Leaf Gardens, the spotless arena of which he is president and in which his team plays its home games, for any NHL game between Feb. 27, 1946 and Nov. 7, 1951. Seating capacity is 12,586 seats and about nine thousand of these are occupied by people who subscribe for a full season of thirty-five games. There is a waiting list (currently 5,018) for subscribers' seats and this season the Gardens was able to accommodate the last of those who placed their names on the list during 1947. At that rate a man who goes on the waiting list today will quite likely have the privilege of watching all of the Maple Leafs' home games in the 1955-56 season.

To do this, Smythe, who will be fifty-seven on Feb. 1, has first of all produced a winner. In so doing he has combined a positive mania for detail with a headlong passion for gambling. He was born the son of a relatively poor newspaperman and he became a millionaire because he has always taken chances—many of them, on the surface, utterly foolish. He built Maple Leaf Gardens at the height of the depression, bought the hockey player, King Clancy, who most helped him sell the team to the public, on the strength of a lucky day at a race track. Later, in the postwar era, he gambled with a group of fresh-faced rookies after a team of veterans had finished poorly in 1945 and he won the Stanley Cup with the beardless wonders. Much earlier, back in 1926, he'd gone into professional hockey in Toronto because he parlayed a modest bankroll, into almost twenty thousand dollars on two bets on hockey games and was so buoyed up by the experience that he talked two Toronto brokers into joining him in the purchase of the Toronto St. Pats, the city's NHL entry in those days.

The Cool, Calm, Calculating Cyclone

Since Maple Leaf Gardens was built in 1931 the Maple Leafs have missed the play-offs only once. These are postseason games for which, currently, four of the six NHL teams qualify. At one time six of seven teams qualified and, still earlier, six out of ten teams were eligible. Nowadays the teams that finish first and third in the final schedule standings engage in a four-of-seven-games play-off and the winner meets the survivor of a four-of-seven play-off between the second and fourth teams. The two winners, in turn, play a four-of-seven-game series for the Stanley Cup. The Leafs have won the trophy seven times and have been in the finals, and lost, on seven other occasions. No other team comes close to these figures; Detroit has won the championship four times, Boston, New York, Montreal and Chicago twice each and the now defunct Montreal Maroons once in that twenty-year span.

Unlike many less successful gamblers, the man who built the Maple Leafs is not a creature of impulse, although he often pretends to be. Behind everything he does is a meticulous and calculating mind and away from the public view, in the confines of his richly, though conservatively, appointed office on the second floor of the Gardens, he becomes as fussily efficient as a bookkeeper. He keeps charts on every conceivable aspect of his players' performances; how many minutes each player is on the ice, whether he is on when his own team scores, when the opposing team scores, how many goals he scores against inferior opposition as opposed to his record against the top teams, his every move, check, shot and pratfall (Smythe once astonished fans by trading Gaye Stewart, who had scored thirty-seven goals the preceding season; the charts revealed the large majority had been scored against inferior teams and that very few of his goals had been winning goals)

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Conn Smythe got his start with a bet on a hockey game and he's been gambling ever since — so well that there hasn't been an empty seat at a Maple Leaf home game for a solid five-year span



Smythe and Broda celebrate Leafs' victory in the Stanley Cup last year — their seventh. Overweight Broda has been shrewdly built up as good copy by his publicity-conscious boss.



The Smythes chat with the Royal Regiment's Lieut-Col. H. W. Caldwell at Toronto's Artillery Ball last November.



At Maple Leaf Gardens Smythe and Viscount Alexander exchange greetings. Smythe is generous with charity shows.



Danny Kaye clowns with Smythe at Toronto's Mississauga links. In spite of a slight leg handicap from his war wound Smythe shoots in the low eighties.

By RODERICK and DIANA MacLEISH
ILLUSTRATED BY MICHAEL MITCHELL

*Rumford Thorne couldn't write unless he was mad.
And it was Tremaine's job to get him mad.
But one soft April night she learned that*

TROUBLE SHOOTERS SHOULDN'T FALL IN LOVE

SENECA GRADISH sat in his office and watched some pigeons making love on the window sill. Spring had burst forth in the street below with the flash of convertibles and the airing of poodles. All around Seneca's sanctum the cogs of Hornaday House were turning briskly; there was something seasonal in the watery smiles of the book editors, the jaunty assurance of authors demanding higher royalties and the feverish clatter of the publicity department's typewriters. But Seneca Gradish was gloomy and aloof. Under ordinary circumstances he could fling off his anxiety in a splurge of cocktail parties, compiling anthologies of sophisticated gags or sudden trips to Europe to unearth a new poet. In the current crisis all these pleasures palled. A dilemma had come to Seneca Gradish and Hornaday House: Rumford Thorne had dried up.

Hornaday was the most fashionable publisher in the country—and the most successful. As its head Seneca Gradish displayed an uncanny ability at making money by corralling the most colorful and controversial names in literature. A second facet of Gradish's genius lay in his discovery of new authors whose work he dumped before the public with an accompanying fanfare of criticism that could be heard from coast to coast. Of these fledgling writers the most inspired and the biggest financial success was Rumford Thorne.

He was a tall young man who wore horn-rimmed glasses and a sweater that smelled of goats. When he had first drifted into Hornaday House he was unknown and carried a badly typed manuscript under one arm. His offering was read, reread, talked about, published, sworn at and hugely successful. It was called *Sound Effects for Armageddon*, and consisted of a collection of essays that covered a wide range of subjects. The book seethed from kitchen stoves and public monuments to girdles, hotel food and women. Thorne hated them all. His hatred was possessed of violent language, vast panoramas of adjectives and sweeping flows of verbiage. A brooding picture of

Thorne appeared on the front page of the New York Times literary supplement and his explosive book went through twenty-nine printings.

His next opus, *Gretchen Premmadine*, did even better. It was a novel about a debutante who turned dope peddler and ended up discussing Marx with God. After *Gretchen* came a nasty little volume simply entitled *Yah!* Thorne was denounced by women's clubs and Communists alike. Three college girls tried to commit suicide in front of his apartment house. There the flow ended. Something had happened to the magic and profitable stream of verbiage and Seneca Gradish was worried.

Not only was the financial future of Hornaday House quivering, but Seneca had the uncomfortable feeling that he had overreached himself. In the late winter he had advanced Thorne five thousand dollars on his next, unwritten book. Since then, as far as Gradish knew, Thorne had spent the rest of his time staring at blank pieces of paper in his typewriter.

A secretary buzzed and Seneca stopped his contemplation of the pigeons. "Miss Tremaine is here," said the voice in the little metal box.

"Send her in."

The door opened and a tall girl with brown hair and grey eyes came into the office. She wore a simple woolen dress and carried a polo coat. She nodded to Seneca and settled herself in a red leather chair.

Louise Tremaine was another of Seneca's brain storms. She was the official nag of Hornaday House, a lissome trouble shooter whose duty it was to be, as Seneca once expressed it, "a hot poker applied to the anatomy of lazy authors." She did her job admirably. Her unusual talents combined the shrewdness of a Tartar general encased in the body of a cover girl. An admiring colleague called her "Foam and Fangs" and a drunken novelist wept whenever her name was mentioned.

"I don't suppose you're free for supper tonight?" Seneca asked hopefully.

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In a blend of beer, rubber, garbage and drying wash, Constable Cloutier walks her east Montreal beat.



Marguerite's arsenal includes lipstick, a glib tongue (in two languages) and some judo.

THE COPS WHO CHANGE DIAPERS

By ZOE BIELER

PHOTOS BY DAVID BIER



When a culprit asks "What's it to you?" the woman in plain dress shows police badge.

THE FORTUNE teller worked in a small back room off a Papineau Street restaurant near the waterfront in Montreal's east end. As she shuffled the cards she looked at the two girls sitting opposite her, the tall dark-eyed one who'd asked to have her fortune told was probably unmarried since her ring finger boasted no ring—obviously a white-collar worker: the gabardine suit neatly pressed, the shapely hands well cared for.

She started her patter. "A forthcoming trip, perhaps a vacation . . . a blond stranger . . . a letter . . ." Then she paused and a puzzled expression came over her face. "I see someone in uniform," she said slowly. "Someone is going to get in trouble with the police and it concerns you closely. Be careful of the police. I see you signing some papers. That too has something to do with the police. That's all I can tell you. Two dollars please."

The two girls passed out into the street. Then, grinning, they hurried off to No. 4 police station and signed a warrant for the fortune teller's arrest.

Afterward, relating the incident to a friend, Constable Marguerite Cloutier of the Montreal Police said: "She was really good. Almost we hated to get her arrested—but a job's a job and she was breaking the law."

At twenty-nine Marguerite Cloutier is a handsome girl, tall with fine dark eyes, good teeth and a wide ready smile. She has a natural poise and an air of authority. When speaking English her voice is low, her choice of words refined, almost pedantic, and her hands still, but in French her tones are animated and her hands as active as her tongue. She has been a policewoman for over four years, joining with the first ten women accepted in April 1947.

There are now twenty women on the Montreal police force, all attached to the Bureau for the Prevention of Juvenile Delinquency, a special police department which handles all cases in Montreal involving youngsters of seventeen or under. The primary job of Montreal's policewomen is to help children of poor neighborhoods grow up into good citizens with a respect for the law. Women are better at this job than men because the youngsters in slum districts are inclined to regard male police as natural enemies. Marguerite's job involves daily patrolling of streets, schools, playgrounds and restaurants, but special assignments such as investigating fortune tellers often come up as well. All policewomen are more accustomed to diapers than guns. None of them has ever touched firearms, but if a mother falls ill or deserts her family the police girls are often first to the rescue, ready to clean the house, bath and dress the children and prepare meals until the social agencies take over.

Marguerite's working day begins before nine when she leaves the eight-room house on De Lorimier Street where she lives with her widowed mother and her younger sister Regina, also a policewoman. The house is only five minutes by streetcar from the Bureau for the Prevention of Juvenile Delinquency on Craig Street East. On the streetcar Marguerite looks like any good-looking girl going to work. On a cool Saturday last fall she wore a beige gabardine jacket, a grey tailored blouse, a dark green skirt, low-heeled tan shoes and a dark green waterproof coat. Hidden in her pouch-style handbag was her police badge in a special pigtex case and a black notebook.

They Always Walk in Pairs

Uniforms, trim navy-blue suits with gilt buttons, are worn only on special assignments such as patrolling the Botanical Gardens on Sunday when crowds of children swarm into the park.

Marguerite's office, in the centre of the crowded east-end district, smells either of beer from a nearby brewery or rubber from a factory across the street. The policewomen have their own quarters on the third floor with lockers, common room and an office used by the two women sergeants: mild Cécile Chabot and hearty Juliette Ruest. This particular Saturday morning Mrs. Ruest was on duty when

They don't carry guns but Canadian policewomen like Montreal's Marguerite Cloutier have proved themselves highly effective on special jobs where the clomp of a harness bull would give the game away

Marguerite checked in. This day, as there were no complaints registered from Marguerite's beat, she and her partner (the girls always work in pairs) could use their own discretion as to how to use their day most profitably. Simone Gagnon, a tall girl with short light brown hair, had been assigned to work with Marguerite. By nine-ten the two girls set off for Marguerite's beat, a two-block walk from the office.

Marguerite works in the half square mile bounded by Sherbrooke East, Champlain, St. Catherine East and St. Hubert Streets. It is a tough district. Traffic is heavy on the main streets. Lanes where children can play safely are few and filthy. Playgrounds and parks are inadequate. The five schools are crowded and old-fashioned. Squalid tenements jam the narrow side streets and families of eleven or more are often crammed into dark airless three-room flats. About eighty thousand men, women and children live in Marguerite's beat and many of them recognize her as a good friend.

On reaching the corner of St. Hubert and St. Catherine the two girls notified No. 4 police station, by ringing the nearest green police box, that they were on their beat. Not long ago an officious passer-by tried to prevent Marguerite from using a box, saying, "Those are there for the police and

you girls shouldn't touch them or you'll get into trouble."

The first call of the day was to a widow with six children. This was a troublesome case. Once when Marguerite had called in the summer there had been no answer. She pushed her way in and found the widow in the bedroom with a butcher knife. She told the policewoman she had meant to kill herself, only she had noticed the picture of the Virgin over her bed and couldn't go on. Since then police girls had visited her almost daily. Apart from the family allowance she seemed to have no regular income since the death of her husband. All the children needed shoes. Marguerite had made several visits to the City Hall's social welfare department on behalf of the family.

This day she and Simone had to persuade the woman to go to St. Luke Hospital for an examination. They found her unusually happy: the day before an investigator from the social welfare department had called and left fifteen dollars. "It's thanks to you," the widow said as she grasped Marguerite's hands.

When the girls left they walked slowly along their beat keeping a sharp lookout for any trouble in the streets. As they crossed an intersection Marguerite made *Continued on next page*



Marguerite (right) and her sister Regina (also a policewoman) check on an infant bitten by a rat.

a quick turn to stop a boy riding a bicycle with another boy on the handle bars. She is responsible for enforcing traffic regulations on her beat if they affect children.

"Never, never ride a bike like that," she told them. "How can you control it properly? It is very dangerous."

"What business is it of yours?" the bicycle owner said insolently.

Reaching into her handbag Marguerite took out her police badge. "It's plenty of my business," she replied, "and if I catch you doing it again you'll be in plenty of trouble." The boys' names went into her little book. Then the boy on the handle bars got off and both of them went meekly on their way.

Next point of call was a playground. Routine observations of playgrounds and schools are made regularly since one of the police girls' main jobs is to prevent perverts and exhibitionists from attacking or annoying children. Marguerite and Simone stayed around the playground for almost half an hour carefully watching the actions of any men who passed by and talked to the children.

It was almost noon so the girls headed back to the office for lunch. On the way they stopped to observe a small radio store. The office had received a report that the owner of the store tried to lure little girls from the street into a room at the back.

Many of the police girls bring lunch to work and eat it in the common room. There is nothing fancy or feminine about the policewomen's common room. There are two worn tables, a dozen or so chairs, a crucifix on the wall and two bulletin boards. One of the boards has a list of all magazines banned in the city—one of the girls' jobs is to inspect all newsstands in their beats to make sure they are not disobeying city bylaw 1025 which prohibits any display of nudity.

About one-thirty Marguerite and Simone set out again for their beat. Marguerite decided it was a good afternoon for visiting, since the schools were closed. She averages twenty-five home visits a week.

First she wanted to see another widow whose name had been in her black book for some months. On the way she briefed Simone on the sordid story. It started with neighbors complaining that the mother went off and neglected the children, leaving them in charge of the two oldest, a boy of seventeen and a girl of sixteen. Not long ago the girl became pregnant and claimed her brother was responsible. She's in reform school for three years. The boy left home.

The Men Slunk Away

Suddenly Marguerite stopped in her tracks and pointed up a side alley. "Look, I think those boys are throwing coins," she said.

The two girls turned up the alley and paused a moment to watch them. After a couple of throws Marguerite intervened. "Don't you know gambling is against the law?" she asked. She showed them her police badge and then asked: "Who started the game?" The boys pointed to a fourteen-year-old named Gabriel.

"Well Gabriel," she said, "you are going to take us to your home. I want to speak to your parents. As for the rest of you I'll be along to your homes too sometime soon so don't go tossing any more coins." As the three of them turned up a side street to Gabriel's home they came across a group of men tossing quarters. This time Marguerite got angry.

"Stop that at once," she cried, pulling her badge out of her bag. "Grown



Constable Cloutier, especially concerned with juvenile delinquency, checks a store for children skipping school. On Sunday patrol she wears her uniform.

men like you setting such a bad example for children." The men pocketed their money and slunk away.

Gabriel lived on the second floor of a tenement building. His mother, a big woman with long unbrushed blond hair, burst into a fit of giggling when Marguerite explained about Gabriel gambling. "It's nothing to me what he does," she said, "as long as he keeps out of my way."

"Look," Marguerite explained patiently, "it's your job to look after your children and see they don't get into trouble. If you don't do your job we'll have to find some way to make you."

The woman laughed some more. "I had a friend who went to jail," she said. "The beds there are good, you sleep well and no children to bother with."

Marguerite sighed and wrote down the woman's name and the names and ages of all the children. "As for you, Gabriel," she said, "you'd better join a police juvenile club and learn some better games to play."

She was referring to the police boys' clubs started in 1946 by Assistant Inspector Oliva Pelletier, director of the Bureau for the Prevention of Juvenile Delinquency and Marguerite's boss. Membership in these clubs in Greater Montreal now numbers seventy-five thousand boys. Under police supervision the boys play hockey, basketball, ping-pong, softball, lacrosse, stage boxing and wrestling matches, go on skiing excursions and put on musical and dramatic shows.

After leaving Gabriel's mother, Marguerite and Simone continued on to visit the widow in the black book. They found, as Marguerite had expected, that she had not yet been to the social welfare department. But she promised to go the following week.

Next the girls called at a tenement courtyard which swarmed with the

children of twenty or more families. As soon as they arrived women poured out of their dark three-room flats asking Marguerite and Simone to come in and see the newest babies. Marguerite loves children and was quite willing to go in and admire them. One of the women complained her neighbor was trying to steal her husband.

It was mid-afternoon by the time the police girls got away. They still had time to inspect a playground and visit two restaurants—the owner of one had complained that he was bothered by a gang of boys.

At five they returned to the office and filled out a complete report of the day's activities. On her way out of the office Marguerite dropped in for a chat with her boss, Assistant Inspector Pelletier, a big cheerful man in his late forties. Pelletier is well satisfied with the work of the policewomen. The steady pavement pounding and constant watching of trouble spots by Marguerite and the others seem to have paid off. Since the bureau's inception juvenile crime in Canada's largest city has decreased by fifty percent.

Sometimes She Briefs the Judge

Marguerite hates making arrests and regards each one as evidence of failure. Recently she arrested two young boys for shoplifting. She suspected them when she saw them examining their loot on a streetcar. Further investigation showed that their "fence" was an unscrupulous storekeeper in her beat. He used to order certain items of merchandise from the boys and they'd go out and steal it.

"The only way to get the 'fence' was to arrest the kids," Marguerite says. "They weren't bad kids, but they were poor and needed money."

When Marguerite arrests a juvenile she carries the case right through to the social-welfare court. She was able to brief Judge Nicholson on the young shoplifters' backgrounds, their home life and the attitudes of their parents before the boys' case came up in court.

Montreal is not the only city in Canada to employ policewomen, and it is not the first, but it has the largest squad. When Marguerite joined the police more than four years ago there were already four women on Toronto's force—now there are seven. Vancouver also employs policewomen. They wear a uniform and their duties mainly concern cases involving women and children. At present ten are employed.

When Marguerite joined the police force the requirements were for women between the ages of twenty-five and thirty-five in good health with at least a grade nine education. Since then the minimum age has been lowered to twenty-one. In Toronto it is twenty-five and in Vancouver twenty-two.

She Bust a Pyramid Club

As a rookie Marguerite spent twenty-eight days in a police training course. She feels this was not really adequate, especially since she had a talk with a policewoman from England a few months ago and learned that over there women are put through a four-month course. During her training period she learned federal, provincial and municipal laws. She took lectures on the psychological and medico-legal aspects of police work. She visited the courts and learned judicial procedure. She studied first aid and went through a rigid physical training course which included swimming, rope climbing and judo.

She is not overimpressed with the importance of judo, preferring to use a glib tongue to get out of awkward situations.

In the last five years Montreal has trained twenty-one policewomen. Twenty are still serving. Their salaries average \$2,600 a year plus a \$12.50-a-month clothing allowance. This compares with \$2,892 paid to Vancouver's policewomen after four years' service and \$3,453 paid in Toronto after two years' service.

Sometimes Marguerite finds the job hard and tiring. The working week is a full six days. Every evening two girls work on the five-to-midnight shift and every Sunday two patrol the Botanical Gardens. Marguerite serves her turn for these jobs. Usually on night shift she remains in the office handling telephone calls, but she may be required for special assignments such as helping the policemen arrest a delinquent girl. Police authorities sometimes prefer the policewomen to do the actual arresting of women and girls so there can be no complaints that women have been manhandled by the police.

Sometimes special assignments call for a certain amount of acting ability. In the spring of 1949 she was involved in the police investigation of the pyramid clubs, the get-rich-quick scheme which swept Canada that year. Posing as a cashier from Woolworths she managed to get into a pyramid-club party, paid her dollar and then on arrangement the police raided the party. Along with the rest Marguerite was taken to the cells where she spent two hours before her superiors made arrangements to release her. On her evidence the host of the party was later found guilty and fined two hundred dollars.

Marguerite is happy in her job and can't imagine doing anything else. "Even when I get married I'd like to keep on working," she says. "At least until the babies come." ★

A MACLEAN'S FLASHBACK IN TWO PARTS

The Riddle of Louis Riel

BY W. O. MITCHELL

A Canadian novelist tells, from original sources, the dramatic story of our most controversial figure, and of the two bloody rebellions he sparked in the new northwest.



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ON SALE JAN. 25

How to Start Worrying

Continued from page 17

who made the best of things by canning rattlesnake meat, it's even worse. To talk to me about rattlesnakes at that time of night is liable to have me leaping into the driveway.

As a matter of fact I've been more worried since I read Mr. Carnegie's book than I have for some time. I worry about things I'd just nicely forgotten, like the whole matter of self-help. I worry about why, after all the books I've read, I'm just about the same as I was, with thicker glasses. And I'm worried about why books like *How to Stop Worrying and Start Living* leave me like a cheerleader for a couple of days, then stop working. I'll read a book on exercising, for instance. When I'm through I'm convinced my veins are blocked up, my bones brittle, my lungs operating just barely enough to get air in and collapse again, and that exercise will fix the whole thing. I wonder why I didn't think of it before. Next morning I'm up bright and early doing bends, jerks, throwing the window open, touching my toes, slapping my chest and shouting at my wife, "Aha! How can you lie there with the same old corpuscles?" I give up smoking, go for brisk walks, begin getting up at six, and for a couple of days I feel like a lingerie salesman the day before Christmas. Then one morning I find myself sitting in the kitchen at six-thirty with my muscles and no cigarettes, sneering at the stove and wondering what I'd been so excited about for the past few days. Nothing has changed.

(d) Put up Telephone Pole

The one thing that has probably worried me most during my life is my habit of putting off little things like sorting the nails around my workbench, rewiring the light in the sewing room or fixing the seat on Mary's tricycle, which always comes off with her. I find myself standing for hours in the middle of the kitchen eating an apple and worrying about why I don't do them. I cart the thought of these little unaccomplished chores around with me for months the way a dog carries around old bones, worrying away at them in the middle of ballets, speeches, motor trips and third draughts, and putting a lot of effort into figuring out how not to do them.

My wife will say: "I hope you're going to get that clothesline up soon."

I say, "Uhuh. I'll get at that about next miffcff," and pretend I'm choking on my coffee.

"You'll have to pretty soon. I can't hang my clothes in the cellar much longer. Jane wants her skipping rope."

"I'll buy her another one."

"For heaven's sake, why not just put up the clothesline?"

"I've got to get a quarter-inch mortar bracket," I say, wondering if there is such a thing.

"Well, why don't you get one? I'm sure Mr. Viner next door will have one."

"He's only got a one-eighth-inch ferrule type," I say.

I keep this sort of thing up until I end in a flurry of cut fingers, broken window panes and desperate oaths trying to finish the job before the Christmas company arrives. It's an obvious weak spot in my character that I've worried about a great deal.

As a matter of fact one of the things I'd been putting off at the time I came across *How To Stop Worrying and Start Living* was a clothesline. I had some slight justification for shying

away from the job for, although there was a telephone pole at one end of the yard, there was nothing at the house end but a brick wall.

Primed by Mr. Carnegie I decided these things were all a matter of giving them a little thought, and began applying the basic technique in analyzing worry problems, which hinges largely on writing out your problem. I bought a notebook and, one night after supper, a little embarrassed about the whole thing but feeling that this was as good an opportunity to test the theory as any, I wrote down the Carnegie formula: 1, Get the Facts; 2, Analyze the Facts; 3, Make a decision and ACT.

I glanced across the living room at my wife, who was altering a dress for Mary, and who I knew would give me one of her long thoughtful looks if she knew what I was doing, and furtively wrote down PROBLEM: CLOTHESLINE. It made me feel so efficient that I also wrote on four new pages NEW DRAIN IN HIGH END OF CELLAR, BROKEN CEMENT IN SIDEWALK, PICKET FENCE and SEAT ON TRICYCLE. I began analyzing the facts. I wrote down POSSIBLE SOLUTIONS, How To Attach Pulley to Bricks, and entered (a) cement, (b) take out brick, (c) wire right around house, (d) put up telephone pole, (e) move. Then I began to chew my nails. I tried Dividing My Time Into Daytight Compartments, turned a page and stared at NEW DRAIN for about twenty baffled minutes and wrote: "See someone who knows something about drains." The thing ran over into the next evening. In fact, I began drawing little diagrams that ran over into several evenings. I was trying to solve several problems all at once that normally would have taken me about a year, and I was worrying pretty steadily. Each night, right after supper, I'd sit gnawing my nails, squirming in my chair, looking up at the ceiling and analyzing more facts. I made out a page for WHAT IS A FACT and another one for HOW DO YOU ANALYZE A FACT?

In the meantime I'd become so alarmed at my incompetence that I'd taken Carnegie's advice to make a daily record of my application of his principles; and I was getting so jumpy from having so much on my mind that I was trying to learn how to relax (Part Seven: Six Ways to Prevent Fatigue and Worry), starting with my toes and working up to my ears.

All in all, learning how to stop worrying is an admirable thing, but what took men like Spinoza excommunication, near-martyrdom and a lifetime of poverty to figure out isn't going to be solved by grabbing a handful of phrases from science and philosophy and waving them like a banner in an election parade.

Dr. Edmund Jacobson's book, *You Must Relax*, for instance, offers solid, helpful advice; and the idea of examining our problems in the cold light of reason is what wise men have been urging us to do since man first started throwing coconuts at one another. But Jacobson took a whole book to explain his idea and warned against jumping to gaudy conclusions; and even Spinoza said, "The way which leads to true peace of soul must indeed be difficult since it is so seldom discovered." The whole matter is a profound and complicated one, dealing with that most illusive of all things—human nature.

I'd still like to stop worrying but in the meantime one worry I've got rid of is *How To Stop Worrying and Start Living*. And the next time I happen to be in a book department I'm heading right for the section on bird guides. ★



"Please make the ice thicker, Daddy!"

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Call upon the manager of *your* chartered bank. You will find him experienced, understanding, eager to serve you.

One of a series
by your bank



Trouble Shooters Shouldn't Fall in Love

Continued from page 20

Tremaine shook her head. She was never free for dinner when Seneca asked. He was certain that she never dined with anyone else. She seemed to live entirely for her job.

The president of Hornaday House leaned back in his chair and looked at his manicure. "I have a new job for you, Tremaine," he said, "Rumford Thorne."

Tremaine nodded. "I've heard."

"I want a book out of him," continued Seneca, "a good, fire-eating novel would do nicely. Needle him night and day until he writes one. I've rented you an apartment in his building. Move in immediately. I don't care how you make him write the book"—he looked her up and down, from her intelligent grey eyes to her nicely proportioned legs—"just see that he does it."

Tremaine nodded again, gathered together her purse, gloves and notebook and stood up. "Will that be all?"

"That's enough," said Seneca. "Report to me every Friday. Good hunting." He watched her go out, wondering what she did in her spare time. "Probably molds ice cubes with her bare hands," he thought, turning back to the pigeons.

RUMFORD THORNE lay in bed looking at the ceiling. Two flies had been circling each other for fifteen minutes. Sooner or later they would either collide or go their separate ways. Rumford didn't care which and he had no concern over how long the outcome might take because he was in no hurry. His days had been notably unhurried for some time. They followed a pattern of waking and getting up (with a long interval in between), brewing coffee, drinking it, rummaging around for clothes, dressing, going out to feed pigeons, talk to people, see movies, eat hamburgers and come home to sit in front of his typewriter before going to bed. Rumford had been worried when he first discovered that he wasn't mad at anything any more and thus could not write. Then he began to realize that eventually something would get him riled up and meanwhile all he had to do was watch flies, feed pigeons and expend his creative energies in dreaming up excuses to Seneca Gradish.

A buzzer shattered the morning silence. The two flies flicked off the ceiling and Rumford swore to himself, "Leave it outside!" he called.

The buzzer sounded again.

Rumford got out of bed and pulled on a pair of dirty dungarees. He went out into the living room and opened the front door.

"Good morning," said Tremaine.

Rumford peered at her.

"Is Mr. Thorne in, please?"

"He's in," said Rumford. He stepped aside and closed the door after her. The girl stood in the middle of the living room. She was sniffing. "Do you keep a goat?" she asked.

"Not that I know of," said Rumford.

She looked around at the piles of laundry, cigarette butts and crumpled-up pieces of paper. "I'd like to see Mr. Thorne," she said in a firm voice.

Rumford nodded and went into the bedroom, closing the door behind him. Maybe, he thought, she'll just go away. He took off his dungarees and got back into bed. "Mr. Thorne!" he said loudly. "Someone to see you!"

He had just gotten adjusted comfortably and was searching the ceiling for more flies when the door opened and the girl appeared holding the New York Times article. She looked from the newspaper to Rumford. "All

right," she said, "cut the comedy. Get up."

Rumford rolled over and looked at her. "Who says?"

"I say. Come on, Mr. Thorne."

Rumford sat up and reached for his cigarettes. Apparently she wasn't going to go away. He was about to say something unpleasant about violation of privacy when the girl sat down on the edge of his bed. He offered her a cigarette.

"No thank you," she said. She opened the notebook. "Perhaps you are wondering who I am."

"Not especially," said Rumford. He looked at her searchingly. Much more interesting than looking at flies.

"Last February tenth," she read from her notebook, "Hornaday House advanced you five thousand dollars on your next book. Thus far there has been no book." She looked at him severely.

"No," said Rumford, "no book."

The girl closed her pad. "I am here to help you get started on one. My name is Tremaine." She said the last sentence with gentle finality.

"Tremaine of Hornaday," grinned Rumford. "Big deal."

"If you will get up and start yourself some breakfast," she said briskly, rising from the bed, "I will arrange your desk." She went out, closing the door behind her. Rumford got up and put on his dungarees. He was intrigued.

He was standing in the kitchen making coffee when Tremaine came in. "This apartment is very messy. No wonder you can't get any work done. Good heavens!" she gasped, "what's that?"

Rumford looked down at the pan on his stove. "It started out to be oatmeal a couple of weeks ago. I guess it's some sort of mold now like penicillin or—"

Tremaine shuddered, thinking of Seneca's five-thousand-dollar investment. "It's a miracle you haven't poisoned yourself," she said, "I think I'd better do the cooking from now on, if you don't mind."

"Not at all," said Rumford, "call me when you're ready." He went back to bed.

FOR the rest of the afternoon Tremaine cleaned up the apartment while Rumford sat at his typing table looking out the window to the rear garden where a willow tree had broken out in wild yellow budding. Around four o'clock Tremaine came back from delivering a large bundle of dirty laundry. She found Rumford reading a piece of paper. "Well?" she said, sitting down on the sofa.

"I've started on something," explained Rumford, "listen."

A warm glow of satisfaction spread over Tremaine. Personality dominance had done it again. They'd taught her about personality dominance in high school. By using it properly you could make anybody do anything. "Go ahead," she told him.

"Never wear high heels," read Rumford, "flat shoes much more becoming. Never wear woolen dresses. Much too severe. Comb hair more to one side, add flowers to hair, preferably yellow willow buds. Take two hot baths a day for relaxation. Read some light novels: Wodehouse or Allen Smith." He looked over at her. "You read Tolstoy?" he said.

"Yes," answered Tremaine, "but—"

Rumford nodded and returned to his list. "Forget whatever diet you're on. Eat lots of ice cream. Stop going to bed so early." He laid down the paper. "How does it sound to you?"

"A little weird," she said.
 "It'd do you good. Loosen you up."
 "Me? Really, Mr. Thorne, I—"
 Rumford grinned at her. "You're all tight and repressed. Probably didn't make cheerleader or something."
 Tremaine flushed. "I appreciate your interest, but you're supposed to be writing a book."

Rumford tossed his list on the table and lit a cigarette. "It isn't that easy, Tremaine. What kind of book would you suggest?"

"Well, Mr. Gradish had something in mind . . . a book, say, along the lines of your previous works . . ."

"Novel?"

She nodded.

Rumford frowned. "No soap," he said, "no plots. Sorry."

"You had plots before," she insisted, "and I know you can think up another one."

"My dear Tremaine," said Rumford, noticing that her eyes were quite large and deep, "those plots all came from people. Take Gretchen, for example. I met a debutante. We became—ah—friendly and in due course she spilled her life story while in wine."

Tremaine was shocked. "You mean she was drunk?"

Rumford nodded. "I listened to her ghastly little tale, switched it around a bit and presto—Gretchen. Unfortunately you don't run into Gretchen every day."

Tremaine was silent a moment. Then a rather horrible idea bloomed in her mind. Although her own past had a sort of inviolate quality about it, duty was a strong word to Tremaine. She envisioned what Rumford's purple prose would do to her family, high school and girlish yearnings. She shuddered slightly and said, "Perhaps

I can be of help, Mr. Thorne."

Rumford grinned at her. "You mean a novel about a girl who didn't make cheerleader?"

Tremaine nodded grimly. "A western upbringing. It ought to do very nicely."

"Could be," said Rumford, picking up a note pad, "let's try."

She paused a moment. The thought of what she was about to do was, to her, something like undressing in front of this agreeable man. "Do you mind if we go outside?" she asked.

"Not a bit," he chuckled. He was enjoying it, she thought bitterly.

Ten minutes later Tremaine was sitting on a bench in the square holding a bag of peanuts. Pigeons whirled and dipped around her and sat on her arms and shoulders. The sun had gone and the old checker players and children were moving away to the edges of the park. Rumford Thorne sat beside her listening to the story. At first it had been hard to talk. "I am twenty-five years old," she had begun stiffly. But after a little while it went smoother. Rumford was a surprisingly good listener. Instead of laughing at what she was sure were her trivial hopes and aspirations, his face had been serious, his eyes never leaving her.

One by one the apartment house lights went on and then the streetlamps splashed gleam and shadow through the April evening. Tremaine talked steadily, reliving, remembering, her voice dropping low to describe a disappointment and laughing aloud (to her own surprise) over long-forgotten jokes.

She told him about the high school where they'd taught her all about personality dominance, the finance company where she'd worked as a bill collector and the carpeted temple



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SHORT CUTS TO INSANITY

By Peter Whalley



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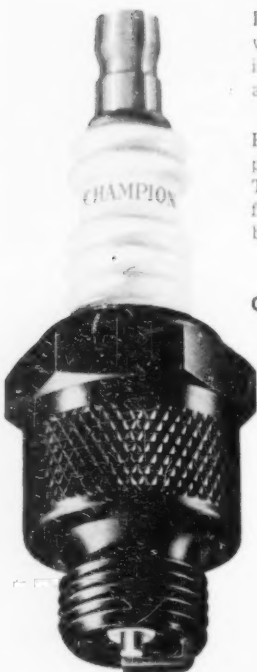


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The Sign of Dependable Service!

that was Hornaday House with its multigifted president fluttering around writing columns, collecting jokes and having cocktail parties like spaniels have puppies.

When she finished her story they were having dinner at a little restaurant. Suddenly, in the silence, Tremaine felt embarrassed. All that she had said, which was all that she had ever felt and done, seemed a little trite. "Perhaps," she said, groping for her professional manner, "you can find something to use in what I've told you and—"

Rumford smiled and put his hand over hers. "Relax," he said gently, "I'm surprised. Why don't you forget about being Tremaine?"

"I'm—I'm afraid I don't understand," she faltered.

"What did they call you back home?"

"Louise."

"Then be Louise," said Rumford, "Louise is nice."

A warm and happy feeling flooded over her. "Did you like the story?"

He nodded. "Too much to use it. I'm supposed to write nasty books, you know."

She smiled. "I know."

"I think your story's too nice." He looked at her large eyes and noticed that they were also very bright. "I think you're too nice to write about."

Tremaine started to say something and then stopped. For a brief, very brief, instant it flashed on her that she had failed—that she hadn't given Rumford anything to write about at all. But in the next moment she was glad. All afternoon and evening she had been searching Rumford to catch the spark of malevolence that broiled through his books, but it wasn't there. And now it seemed that she had lost her resolve somewhere between the park bench and the restaurant. "I'm happy you feel that way, Rumford," she said.

"So am I, Louise. Come on, we'll take a walk."

WHEN Louise Tremaine made her third report to Hornaday House she found Seneca Gradish in a testy mood. "You've had nearly a month," he said irritably, "what's up, Tremaine?"

She twisted her gloves and looked around the office. Every time she came in her resolve flooded back, but it melted again the moment she returned to Rumford's apartment. All of her time-tested methods for stirring authors to action had failed. To be exact, they hadn't gotten started. Not only had Rumford continued in his lackadaisical ways, but Tremaine had joined him. She had been seized by spells of dreaminess and attacks of not caring about anything. She had seen more movies, in Rumford's company, during those three weeks than she had seen in the rest of her life. She'd found strange quiet pleasure in pigeon feeding, Sunday walks in the river valley and staying up all night. Occasionally the vision of Seneca's five thousand dollars had risen before her, but it had been quickly snuffed out by the new and bewildering things that had come over her. "I'm sorry," she said to Seneca, "but he just isn't inspired."

"Inspired hell; he's just lazy. He can turn it on if he wants to."

"I think you're wrong, Mr. Gradish," said Tremaine, "he's told me about the other books. Things had to make him mad before he wrote them."

Seneca's eyes gleamed. "Then needle him, Tremaine. Make him hate you, if you have to."

"Hate me?"

"That," said Seneca archly, "is what you're paid for, isn't it?"

"But Mr. Gradish!" Tremaine went all weak as she thought of what her innocent childhood and girlish frippery would turn to under Rumford's pen were he sufficiently aroused. Besides, since that first evening, he knew so much more about her . . . things too sacred to turn into a novel.

Seneca picked up the galley proofs of an anthology he was editing. "Rumford Thorne," he said, "can either get mad and write or have himself a lawsuit."

"You mean you'd sue him?" Tremaine asked.

Seneca nodded. "He's got five thousand bucks of my money."

"But you can't—"

"Oh yes I can," interrupted Seneca, "Besides, if he isn't going to produce I want you to go south and jigger another historical out of that Medford dame."

Tremaine walked out into the sunlight with the sensation that things were horribly loused up. The thought of Rumford being sued was bad, but the thought of going away was worse. She took a deep breath and caught a bus downtown.

She found Rumford in a cocktail lounge near the square. He had shaved, put on a coat and tie and was reading a book. "You're late," he said, "you've been sneaking into health bars."

Tremaine laid her gloves on the table and sat down. "I'll have a double Martini please," she said.

Rumford looked surprised. "Double?"

She nodded.

"You've only been drinking for two and a half weeks," he told her. "Take it easy."

Tremaine choked and then glared at him. "Are you going to order me a double Martini or do I have to do it myself?"

For a moment they both looked astonished. Then Rumford shrugged. "A double Martini," he told the waiter.

Tremaine drank very quickly. She set the empty glass on the table and looked at Rumford unsteadily. "Pigeons," she said defiantly, "carry the bubonic plague."

Rumford grinned. "Is that what's bothering you? If it is, ease your mind. By nature pigeons are very—"

"They carry," interrupted Tremaine, "the bubonic plague. Black death."

Rumford's face got red. "Say, what's the matter with you, anyway?"

Tremaine tried to look argumentative. "Is something supposed to be the matter with me?" she asked shrilly.

"I don't know," said Rumford, coming up to a slow boil. "Maybe there is."

Tremaine closed her eyes for a moment. She wanted to cry and tell Rumford that she didn't mean anything she said, but then she caught a glimpse of Sadie Medford's pseudo-plantation. "What," she managed to say acidly, "do you mean?"

"I don't know myself. Maybe they forgot to teach you something in psychology or maybe they taught you too much."

Tremaine took a deep breath and got ready for the kill. "If you are going to make light of all the private things I've told you," she said, "I am leaving."

"Don't bother," said Rumford, rising and slapping a five-dollar bill on the table. "I beat you to it." He looked down at her. "You changed for a while, Tremaine, you were real nice. When you told me your story I didn't think I could use it. I misjudged it. What a yarn! What an ending!" He hunched his shoulders forward and stalked out.

"Rumford," Tremaine cried, half rising, "Mr. Gradish told me to—"

But he didn't hear her. She sat for

a moment with a bewildered expression on her face. And then she began to cry for the first time since she'd failed to make cheerleader.

April ran out its time and May came down in dismal rain. The sound of the drops drumming against Tremaine's windows mingled with the pounding of Rumford's typewriter in the apartment upstairs. Each morning when she got up Rumford was hard at work and he kept going long after she went to bed at night. Seneca Gradish was overjoyed. "Somebody's catching hell," he chuckled.

"Somebody is indeed," murmured Tremaine, thinking of what her beautiful, beautiful life was turning into under Rumford's baleful treatment. That was bad enough, but the loneliness was worse. Tremaine nearly asked Seneca to send her away because the agony of having Rumford so near and yet so infinitely distant was driving her into moody depressions and startling self-revelation. She couldn't make up her mind about going and after two weeks she broke down and admitted to her blank living room wall that she was in love with Rumford Thorne.

Finally, on the day that the last of the willow buds dropped off the tree, Seneca Gradish rang Tremaine's doorbell. He was wearing a bowler hat and a belted raincoat that he'd bought in London for three times what Londoners pay. "So you've seen him," beamed Seneca, folding up his umbrella.

Tremaine shook her head. "He telephoned me. One flight of stairs away and he telephoned," she added bitterly.

Seneca giggled. "He must loathe you."

"He does," she sighed.

Seneca peered at her. "You don't look well, Tremaine. Would you like to go south tonight?"

"I'd hate it," said Tremaine, "but I will. Let's go up."

They climbed the dingy staircase and rang Rumford's bell. "Imagine," chortled Seneca, "three chapters in two weeks."

"And an outline," said Tremaine.

Rumford opened the door. He was red-eyed and needed a shave. He nodded to Seneca and gave Tremaine a long blank look.

"My boy," said Seneca, "my dear boy."

"Come on in," said Rumford.

The apartment was hot and stuffy and smelled like goats. Tremaine pushed some laundry aside and sat down on the sofa. She was looking at Rumford, but he didn't seem to know she was there. He handed a thick manuscript to Seneca.

"Fare Thee Well," Seneca read the title gleefully. He sat down before Rumford's desk. "I can't wait," he giggled, "do you mind?"

Tremaine shook her head. She was watching Rumford. *You've done it for good this time, she told herself. When they read that back home—she shuddered. That was bad enough, but being in the little apartment without having Rumford even notice her was worse. He never even kissed me, she thought miserably, all he did was write a nasty book about me.*

Suddenly the silence was broken by the sound of pages slithering to the floor. "Rumford," said Seneca.

Rumford turned around.

"I don't get it. Does she turn Communist?"

"No she doesn't," said Rumford.

"It's a satire, isn't it?" asked Seneca hopefully.

Rumford shook his head.

"No alcohol?"

"No alcohol."

"Dope?"

"No," said Rumford.

"You mean," said Seneca getting red, "that this is a love story?"

"That's right," said Rumford, looking at Tremaine.

"A love story," said Seneca, "he's written a lousy happy love story."

He looked at Tremaine as one elementary school teacher might look at another while explaining a backward child's deficiencies in the presence of the child. "Listen to this," he said witheringly. He squinted at the page.

"She was lonely and her loneliness drove her to the efficient manner she presented. But beneath that manner

a voice cried out and a hand reached forward to be touched. He who touched it was kindled into flame and saw a world of such rare beauty that he knew none other had trodden there before him." Seneca put down the page. "Wouldn't that turn the stomach of a goat?" he asked.

"I think it's the most beautiful thing I've ever heard," said Tremaine, looking at Rumford.

"Are you serious?" Seneca asked.

"I thought you'd never speak to me again," Tremaine said.

"But it's a love story," Seneca broke

in loudly, "a crummy happy love story!"

"I couldn't stay sore," said Rumford. "I started to write something nasty and all that came out was—" he nodded at the manuscript—"that. I hope you like it."

"I think it stinks," snapped Seneca.

"I love it," said Tremaine.

Seneca picked up his raincoat and bowler. "I'm leaving, Tremaine. I'm disgusted."

"Good-by," she said happily. And as Seneca slammed the door, she was in Rumford's arms. ★



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Conn Smythe

Continued from page 18

in one-goal victories). Smythe's was the first team in the league to keep a movie record of every home game and Smythe and his assistants, coach Joe Primeau and assistant general manager Hap Day, spend hours studying the films to get a better line on the merits and deficiencies of every player in the league. Even away from the rink Smythe constantly sets his mind to hockey. After a Stanley Cup play-off game in Detroit a few years ago he got a midnight train for Toronto and spent the entire night dictating notes on his observations and reactions to his secretary, Madeleine McDonald. With Smythe still dictating at breakfast, a waiter spilled a cup of hot coffee on Miss McDonald and Smythe was so absorbed he failed to notice. She had to stop him for five minutes while she got herself cleaned up.

He rules Maple Leaf Gardens and its one hundred and twenty permanent employees plus an additional two hundred and twenty-nine gatemen, ushers, and concession workers like a martinet. Almost all of them fear him in one form or another but every one of them has the profoundest respect for him. Day and Primeau refuse to say anything whatever about him for publication and until recently neither was permitted to make more than the most perfunctory of observations to newspapermen about anything pertaining to the hockey club. Lately, after many years, Smythe suddenly encouraged his two right-hand men to be on the alert for stories that might interest newspapermen.

Strategy From the Greens

Before a war wound grazed his spine and slowed his activity Smythe used to use the aisle in front of the box seats as a one-man race track and he'd charge around shouting at players and officials from behind both goals and from the sides of the rink. One of his favorite forms of self-expression was to ride the referee from his own bench, leaning across the boards and shouting at the poor fellow, then galloping around to the other side of the ice to shout at him some more. Nowadays he makes very few road trips and at home sits high in the greens—the \$1.75 seats—and, superficially at least, views the games impassively. He generally is flanked by a scout or a player, such as the spare goalkeeper or one temporarily sidelined by an injury, and he usually keeps this aide hopping from his seat down to the Maple Leaf bench with verbal instructions to the coach. By and large, though, his coach runs the club, the instructions from the greens serving mostly as reminders of pre-game strategy or a suggestion accrued by Smythe in his lofty vantage point.

But while Smythe is busy keeping his fans provided with a good hockey team, he is just as often providing them with reading matter. His occasional press conferences are carefully planned and when he calls one he usually has something to say. He is a glib talker and these affairs are generally redolent of high good humor and the hard work he puts into their preparation is reflected in the space they command on the sports pages. It is a fact that the Gardens' vice-president, George McCullagh, is publisher of two Toronto newspapers but even so, it would be impossible for any hockey writer to miss the news significance of most of Smythe's statements. An illustration of this point is the flood of space he is accorded by American interviewers

NEXT ISSUE

WHY I WORK FOR GOD

By The Rev. David S. Duncombe

A moving article by a young, forthright minister

IN MACLEAN'S FEB. 1

during his visits to cities around the NHL circuit.

Smythe plays golf in the low eighties in spite of a shrunken right leg which resulted from a serious wound in his spine inflicted near Caen when Nazi planes dropped flares and ignited an ammunition dump. He plays deliberately and limps a little as he walks between shots but he is seldom off the fairway and his short game is excellent. His concentration is not impaired by conversation between shots, either, and even out on the golf course the talk generally runs to hockey. Last mid-summer he became involved in a dispute with the Barrie junior hockey team which refused to play Sunday games in Maple Leaf Gardens. During a golf round Smythe was asked if it were not correct that he had publicly advocated a negative vote during campaigning prior to Toronto's Sunday sport plebiscite Jan. 2, 1950. He had, in fact, adopted a somewhat pious attitude while calling from the platforms for a closed Sunday. "I spoke against it, sure," Smythe said, selecting a No. 5 iron for a hundred-and-sixty-yard shot to the green. "And the reason was that I wanted a holiday. The Lord said, 'Ye shall work six days and on the seventh ye shall rest,' or however it goes, and I wanted that day of rest. But when the people voted for Sunday sport I was ready to give it to them. I'm in business, you know. As a matter of fact, when the Sunday sport campaigning took on a sort of evangelism and stopped being a matter of whether we were merely going to have sport on Sunday or not have it, I advised a lot of my friends to vote in favor of it." Smythe, incidentally, rarely attends church. The Smythe family belongs to Toronto's Humber-side United Church.

Could He Govern Love?

Even when Smythe is not at home his brain ticks constantly on behalf of his hockey club. Because the cold cuts into his gimpy leg, he usually shows up at hockey games wearing fur-lined flyer's boots and suit. During the worst of the winter he goes to Palm Beach, Fla., and runs the club by remote control. He flies back for important games and between times runs up a six-hundred-dollars-a-month telephone bill. After every game his secretary phones him and gives him a complete rundown on the scoring and Primeau and Day give him a synopsis of play. The calls are made from the press room in the Gardens which is adjacent to the Leaf dressing room. Near the phone is a large blackboard on which a period-by-period scoring summary of all NHL and AHL games is chalked. Smythe is as interested in the progress of his Pittsburgh farm affiliate in the American League, in this regard, as he is in the Maple Leafs' progress. It

was from Florida last winter, in fact, that he issued a directive which was received with great unpopularity in all marriage clinics. This was his order that Johnny McCormack, Leaf centre, recently sold to the Montreal Canadiens, be demoted to the Pittsburgh farm because he got married in mid-season. The decision brought a flood of indignation in the papers and one columnist pointed out that Smythe was running everything else and now was trying to govern love.

"McCormack consulted Joe Primeau early in the season and Joe advised him to postpone his plans until after the season," Smythe recently revealed. "Joe knows that I demand full concentration on hockey by the players and we didn't want McCormack getting in the emotional upheavals that go with a wedding. A couple of months went by and Johnny went to Primeau again and said he figured he'd go ahead and get married. 'Well, it's your wedding,' Joe told him, 'but I can guarantee you the boss will ship you to Pittsburgh because he'll figure you're putting your personal business ahead of your hockey career. Why not wait until the season's over?' Well, McCormack apparently thought it over and decided to get married, anyway, so I shipped him to Pittsburgh. Our plan was to leave him there two weeks and then recall him in time to qualify him for the play-offs. We did, too, but when he rejoined us he had cracked up his shoulder in a Pittsburgh game and was useless to the Leafs. So we shipped him back to Pittsburgh." Satisfied with centres Ted Kennedy, Cal Gardner and Max Bentley, Smythe sold McCormack to the Canadiens just before the current season began.

He Tests the Hot Dogs

Smythe's Gardens, though it was built twenty years ago, still has the fresh clean appearance of a building a quarter its age. Cleanliness is a Smythe fetish, costs the Gardens about a hundred and thirty-five dollars after every attraction when a maintenance staff comes in, even before the last patron has left, to get busy with broom, mop and duster. The ladies' powder rooms have uniformed attendants. A year ago, after Smythe's office had received numerous complaints about the quality and quantity of the food-stuffs sold at the refreshment stands, Smythe took over those concessions himself and turned their operation over to S. G. (Spiff) Evans, who had served overseas in Smythe's 30th Battery and later had worked in the publicity department at the Gardens. Nowadays Smythe makes periodic unannounced trips to the booths to sample the soft drinks and hot dogs—which he personally detests but which he'll test to assure himself they're top-grade. His meticulous approach to the game helped sell it to well-to-do people who sit in the reds, or three-and-a-half-dollar seats, in their mink coats and Lily Dache originals and even in evening dress—much as they would attend a horse show, because Saturday night at the Gardens has become a sort of social event, too. And his practical approach, the one that produces a winner, has sold the game to the fan, the man in the greys, or a dollar-and-a-quarter seats, who, as far as business-

man Smythe is concerned, is the most important person in the world.

Smythe is happy with his role as a big man in hockey but he is far from egotistical about it. "Something I learned a long time ago was that a smart man surrounds himself with the best men in the business," he remarked recently. "I wanted to be a smart man so look what I've got; there aren't two smarter hockey men anywhere than Day and Primeau, Henry Bolton is the best box-office man in the league, Ed Fitkin does the best job on publicity and it's that way right through the organization. That's why we build winners."

The first time Smythe built a winner, however, he was not long in business. That was back in 1926 when the National Hockey League was expanding. Madison Square Garden had a franchise and Smythe was hired by the president of the New York Rangers, Col. John Hammond, to assemble and coach a team. That was the year the Pacific Coast League disbanded and an entire team, the Victoria Cougars, transferred to Detroit to become the Detroit Cougars, later the Falcons, finally the Red Wings. Smythe had coached the University of Toronto team to an Allan Cup win in 1927—and as the Varsity Grads they took the Olympic title the next year. He had seen many a hockey player since he'd returned from overseas in 1919 and when he got the assignment from Hammond, he thought immediately of two brothers his teams had played against, a couple of boys who'd gone to the Saskatoon Sheiks named Bill and Bun Cook. Smythe grabbed them for the Rangers. Around Minneapolis and St. Paul, Smythe had seen a couple of amateurs he liked, too: Taffy Abel and Ching Johnson. He'd watched a pretty good goalkeeper at Port Arthur, Lorne Chabot, and Vancouver had a centre, Frank Boucher, who impressed him. Another kid he'd seen and liked was Murray Murdoch and when Smythe put them all together as Rangers they were a great team. He passed up Babe Dye, a celebrated NHL performer with the Toronto St. Pats, who he figured had seen his best days and, when Dye was sold to Chicago, Hammond was greatly upset. This, and other differences with Smythe, induced Hammond to switch the coaching assignment to Lester Patrick, an experienced professional coach from Victoria, so even though he produced a winner Smythe was jobless.

Still determined to run an NHL team, he interested brokers in buying the St. Pats' franchise and he changed the name to the Maple Leafs. Assisting him in those days was Frank Selke, now general manager of the Montreal Canadiens, and Selke had eyed and liked a couple of juniors named Charlie Conacher and Busher Jackson. Smythe saw a junior defenseman named Red Horner who had a quality Smythe calls "bounce." "When he'd hit 'em, they'd get sick at the stomach," he once observed in describing Horner's appeal.

This team, unlike the Rangers, developed slowly and Smythe realized they needed a leader. The man he wanted was King Clancy, Ottawa defenseman, but the price—thirty-five thousand dollars and two players—was prohibitive. Then one afternoon a Smythe horse—Conn was a race horse owner



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NEXT
ISSUE

VANCOUVER'S GONE SKI CRAZY

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IN MACLEAN'S FEB. 1

ON SALE JAN. 25



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for several years, finally sold out his interest when he found it impossible to make money—called Rare Jewel came home in front and paid more than two hundred dollars for a two-dollar ticket. Smythe had much more than two dollars riding on his horse and he realized nearly fifteen thousand dollars out of the race. "I felt so good," he smiled in recollection not long ago, "that the thirty-five thousand dollars for Clancy looked like peanuts. I got four or five names on a note and we borrowed enough money to buy him." In 1932, with Clancy leading the charge, the Maple Leafs won their first Stanley Cup.

Smythe originated another method of building winning hockey teams. He moved sprouts from their homes to Toronto where their academic schooling was continued and where they played minor amateur hockey under the tutelage of Smythe or of coaches in his organization. These included boys from the prairies like Nick and Don Metz and such Ontario youngsters as Pep Kelly and Art Jackson, all educated at St. Michael's College, where they played junior hockey before graduating to the Maple Leafs. "People in hockey are often criticized for stealing babies from the cradles," Smythe remarked not long ago, "and yet look at those Metz boys. Both of them grew prosperous because of hockey and now they are well-to-do farmers in Saskatchewan. There are any number of successful businessmen around today who owe their start or their contacts or their business opportunities to hockey."

Smythe's final rebuilding job came immediately after he returned from overseas in 1945. With Selke and Hap Day running the club while he was away the team did a remarkably fine job, twice winning the Stanley Cup, but many of their key men were growing old—like Sweeney Schriner and Lorne Carr—and there were, of course, few youngsters coming up through the war years. So by war's end the Leafs had gone about as far as they could go and they finished fifth and out of the play-offs when Smythe returned to start a general housecleaning that left only Turk Broda, Syl Apps and Nick Metz as veteran holdovers. Once more he turned to youth and while he could no longer pick up obscure geniuses like the Cooks and Boucher he was able, through diligent scouting, to sprinkle a mixture of youngsters like Gus Mortson and Jimmy Thomson, whom the Leafs had

picked up as youths and had sent to St. Mike's, with a group of young minor professional players whom he purchased. These were players like Garth Boesch, Vic Lynn and Bill Ezinicki from American Hockey League clubs, and there were two others returning from the services, Joe Klukay and Howie Meeker. Smythe traded away the popular defenseman, Babe Pratt, to Boston and replaced him with another defenseman with Horner's "bounce"—Bill Barilko, lost last fall on a flying fishing trip to James Bay. The customers said Smythe was rounding up a bunch of boy scouts but they were wrong because the beardless wonders, with an average age of twenty-four, won the Stanley Cup.

Smythe long has maintained he is not interested in hockey players who don't play to win. They can take penalties but they've got to be giving everything. His dressing-room dressing-downs are celebrated, although at least one former Maple Leaf, Charlie Conacher, feels their effect is overrated. "Sure, he pops off a lot between periods," Conacher once remarked, "but we never used to pay too much attention to him. We were grown men; we were doing our best and I don't think his hollering made much difference." Smythe feels there is great purpose in his dressing-room rantings and virtually all of them are carefully calculated. "Everybody has an incentive," he remarked a few weeks ago, "and if you can bring out that incentive you've got a winner. A lot of people go their best when they're mad so your job is to get them mad. I was taught when I was a kid that when you went into a fight you should be cool, calm and collected and I found that all you did when you were cool and calm was do the collecting; you got licked every time. We were playing football in school one time and were getting licked when one of the other team's best men got knocked out. As they carried him off, our school's coach made us line up and shout that old chorus, you know the one, 'What's the matter with so-and-so, he's all right.' I refused to join the chorus; I was glad he was knocked out because I figured now we had a better chance of winning. The school principal took me upstairs in the school and licked me but I didn't mind and we certainly did a hell of a lot better in the second half without that other fellow on there."

With most hockey players, Smythe has observed, the incentive is money and he recalls an incident in which he believes that knowing it won him the Stanley Cup in 1942. The Maple Leafs were opposing the favored New York Rangers and they started briskly and then the Rangers started to come on. The Leafs were ahead three games to two and the score was 1-1 in the sixth game with time running out. Smythe had the feeling that if the Leafs dropped this game they'd drop the series and with only a few seconds to play he saw Nick Metz grab the puck inside the Toronto blueline and start down the ice with only one Ranger player to beat. In a twinkling Smythe recalled that Metz was saving his money to buy a farm for his father in Wilcox, Sask., and as the player skated past him Smythe cupped his hands to his mouth and shouted until he thought his lungs would burst: "Remember the old man in Wilcox, Nick!" Metz went straight down the ice like a startled fawn and fired a low line drive into the net to win the series. "Nine times out of ten," Smythe has laughed in recollection, "Nick would have passed the puck to Syl Apps or Gordie Drillon, who were tearing down with him. This time, I guess he thought of the old man's farm." ★



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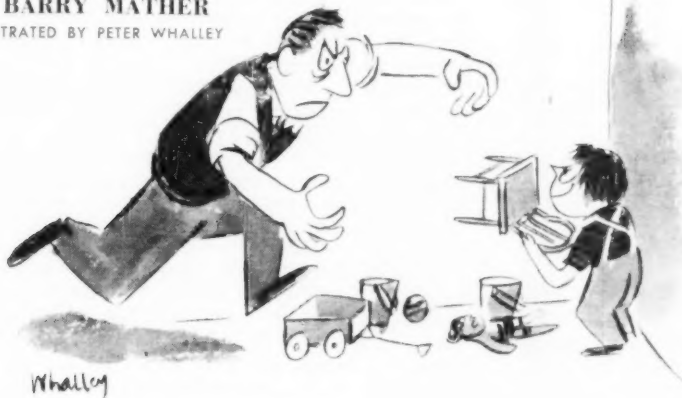


Canadian Pacific

TIMETABLE

Of Father Looking After the Children

By BARRY MATHER
ILLUSTRATED BY PETER WHALLEY



Whalley

7.25 P.M.—Wife leaves for meeting on Child Guidance at friend's house. Says be sure to get children in bed by 7.45, good-by.

7.26—He decides to make immediate start at getting children to bed. Looks for children.

7.29—Sees children in backyard. Goes out on back porch. Calls: Here children!

7.29½—The children run for front yard. 7.30—Chases children. Children run around house.

7.31—Decides to sneak

up on children. Makes stamping noise with feet, pretending to follow children around house. Stops, runs back to other house corner. Waits for children.

7.33—Children sneak up behind him. Yell: "Ho Ho, daddy."

7.34—Makes grab at children. Misses. Children take off again.

7.36—Decides to capture children by strategy. Stretches out on lawn as though asleep. Waits for children.

7.37—Woman next door comes out. Looks at him. Woman goes in shaking head.

7.38—Children come back. Children come close, look at him.

7.38½—Makes lunge at children. Catches one by ankle. Misses other.

7.39—Decides to take children one at a time. Starts for house, carrying captive child.

7.41—Gets child in house. Tells her: "Stay there" until he gets sister.

7.44—Locates other child. Agrees to carry her into house seated on his head.

7.45—Gets her into house. Also gets crick in neck.

7.46—Discovers first child is out and down street. Shouts at her to come right back here.

7.46½—Agrees, if she comes in, he will go to June's place and get Bunny comic book for her.

7.48—Gets both girls upstairs. Starts bath for them. Tells them: "No fooling around, get cracking and get washed."

7.50—Goes over to June's place. Asks if Bunny comic book there.

7.55—Leaves for home with book. Hears phone ringing as he nears house. Runs for phone.

7.56—Gets to phone as eldest girl

hangs it up. Asks who it was. Eldest girl says it was mamma. Says she told her he was out. Puts girls in bed.

8.09—Hears yelling upstairs. Shouts: "Girls, stop that noise."

8.09½—Girls say they are saying their prayers.

8.11—Sudden silence upstairs. Decides girls have gone to sleep.

8.13—Girls come downstairs.

8.13½—Asks girls: "What are you kids doing down here? You are supposed to be asleep."

8.14—Girls say they are thirsty. Ask if they can have drink of water.

8.15—Gives girls drinks of water. Carries both girls upstairs at one time.

8.21—Hears running around upstairs. Goes to hall. Shouts: "Girls, what are you doing?"

8.21½—Girls say they are going to bathroom.

8.24—Girls call to him.

8.25—Girls claim mamma always reads them story. Ask if he will read them story.

8.26—Tells girls if they will promise to settle down and go to sleep, he will read them just one story but no more and that is final.

8.32—After reading ten pages finds story is twenty pages long.

8.47—Still reading. Notes girls asleep.

8.48—Begins tip-toeing out of room. Phone rings.

8.48½—Girls wake up.

8.49—Gets to phone. Operator says no one on line now.

8.50—Girls call him back to finish reading.

8.51 to 9.22—Reading stories to girls. Girls asleep again.

9.23—Wife returns. Cries: "Henry, where are you—are you there?"

9.23½—Calls to wife to stop shouting or she will wake children.

9.24—Wife wants to know where he was when she phoned. Says she phoned twice—he was not there.

9.25-9.30—Explains to wife about phones, comic book, reading.

9.31—Girls wake up. ★



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So don't experiment with a cold. Use Aspirin. And for sore throats due to colds, gargle 3 times daily with 3 Aspirin tablets dissolved in 1/3 of a glass of water. Today—get ASPIRIN—and keep it handy.

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You Should Tell the Boss His Business

Kay Park, a Westinghouse worker, picked up a cheque for \$375 because she found a simple way of doing her job better. Many others are finding the suggestion-box system pays off. And the bosses can afford to grin when "Mr. Anonymous" tells them to drop dead

By MAX BRAITHWAITE

PHOTOS BY KEN BELL

NOT LONG AGO sixty-year-old John Pryde was tugging away at a wrench on a transformer tie rod in the Westinghouse plant in Hamilton, Ont. The wrench slipped and he skinned his fingers. He threw the tool down, stomped over to the bench, yanked a printed form off the bulletin board and wrote: "They should have socket wrenches for tightening transformer tie rods." Then he dated it, signed his name, shoved it into an envelope addressed to the Secretary of Suggestion Plans and dropped it into the interplant mail box.

A couple of weeks later John received his socket wrenches—and strange as it may seem—two dollars and fifty cents for making the suggestion.

Jim Orme, a Westinghouse diemaker, was having trouble drilling a hole through some extra-hard die steel without annealing it. He fished around in his toolbox and came out with a little square-nosed bit that he'd developed about five years before and all but forgotten. To his surprise it cut through the die like a knife cutting butter and it did the job in under four minutes, compared with the

several hours it took to do the same job with the old drill.

"A pal of mine got fifty bucks for one of these suggestions," Jim said, "and I figured I might, too."

After the company's suggestion committee had investigated the tool carefully and computed its value Orme was awarded eight hundred and fifty dollars (of which the income tax department took \$138). He went home and happily started buying furniture for his house. "Beats a quiz show any day," he commented.

These are two examples of the suggestion plan in operation. This scheme for paying workers cash for practical suggestions on how to improve efficiency, eliminate waste, cut costs and promote safety got a slow start in Canada but recently has begun to spread fast. About sixty companies now have plans in operation and it is a safe guess that they have paid out more than a million dollars to wide-awake workers during the last decade. Westinghouse, one of the pioneers in the field and the company with the most extensive program, has forked over close to one hundred thousand dollars

for more than sixty-five hundred acceptable ideas since beginning its plan in October 1942. Atlas Steel has paid out more than five thousand dollars for two hundred and three usable ideas in the past two years. Dunlop Tire and Rubber Goods paid out \$1,200 in a little over six months for useful suggestions.

The companies that have plans are convinced the system is the best possible builder of good labor relations. "It gives the man a sense of participation," says George Petter, director of personnel for Christie, Brown and Company. After one year's operation his plan has paid off eighteen hundred dollars to bright workers.

There is a Canadian Association of Suggestion Systems where representatives of the twenty-one member companies get together regularly to discuss the problems of giving money for ideas. This organization is affiliated with the much larger one in the U. S. (five hundred members) and last May met with it at a convention in Buffalo to listen to speeches on Super Vision for Supervision, Ideas, the Key to Production, Chips from the Lathe of Life, and suchlike.

Contrary to the impression given by hundreds of magazine cartoons, suggestion boxes are not entirely filled with hints that the boss should drop dead or go jump in the lake. Many represent months of trial and error and an amazing amount of inventive skill.

Al Jones, a jovial six-foot maintenance man in the Westinghouse lamp department, is the kind of fellow who is always inventing useful gadgets at home. He has rigged a walkie-talkie by means



Jack Craig, Westinghouse supervisor, gets 250 suggestions a month. Kay Park hit the jackpot.



Jim Orme got \$850 for one idea. One out of ten workers is considered a constructive thinker.

of which his wife can call him and their eleven-year-old boy, Paul, home from fishing when supper is ready, and a minute microphone he lowers from his second-floor apartment to the street below to listen to the conversation of passers-by.

Al had been "fooling around" for about a year trying to dope out a better way to pick up tiny tungsten filaments and feed them into a machine where they become part of electric light bulbs. The old method of having a girl do it with a pair of tweezers was slow and tiresome.

After trying out four designs Al finally came up with a simple little hopper arrangement with a small arm which separates and picks up the rubberlike filaments by means of suction. He fitted it onto one of the machines and it worked fine. The bosses liked it so well they had it patented, attached it to all the machines doing the job and paid the inventor eleven hundred and fifty dollars. Al promptly sunk this cash into his latest hobby, ham radio. He has a class A amateur's licence and is standing by for a big flood or other emergency so that he can leap into action.

The amount of money paid by a company for any suggestion depends upon a number of things—the ingenuity displayed, the safety factor involved and the actual saving in the manufacturing process. Most companies pay ten percent of the actual first year's saving. Harry Heptinstall, of Christie, Brown, suggested a small change in the manufacture of corrugated cardboard cake trays that doubled their life and saved the company \$1,330. Some companies have top limits (Massey-Harris, \$750; Christie, Brown, \$2,500) but others, such as Westinghouse, will pay as much as the suggestion is worth . . . regardless.

Dunlop Tire paid Peter Deschamps \$590 for a single idea. And Joseph Takacs, a swarthy Hungarian-born toolmaker at Atlas Steels, has banked \$950 for five suggestions made to his company. One of his time-saving ideas increased the capacity of a lathe so that it now saves the company \$3,330 each year.

Jack Craig, supervisor of the Westinghouse plan, says he receives an average of two hundred and fifty suggestions a month. They are written out on an eight-by-eleven-inch form that has two simple headings—HERE IS MY SUGGESTION, and, halfway down the page, HERE IS WHAT IT WILL DO. If an involved machine is suggested the form may be accompanied by a sketch or even a working model.

To find out what happens to a suggestion after it has been submitted I followed through with one that landed on Craig's desk the other day. Under the first heading was written: "I have designed a jig for knocking out olive bearings from strips after they have been punched and countersunk instead of the system now being used for punching them out on a hand drill. This jig is roughly assembled and will work." Under the second heading it said: "Improve job considerably as hand-drill operation is hard on eyes. Increase production from 2,000 per hour to approximately 10,000 per hour." It was signed, "Betty Holk No. B7."

Craig slipped around to B7 to investigate. What he saw amazed him—and after nine years of looking at gadgets Craig doesn't amaze easily. Plump brunette Betty Holk was sitting at a bench with what looked like a four-inch hunk of rough two-by-four in front of her. There was a hole in the middle of the piece with the sharp end of a

nail sticking up in it and a small groove covered with two tiny metal plates running from each side of the hole to the ends of the wood.

Betty placed the narrow strip of bronze in which the small bearings are countersunk into one end of the groove and pulled it over the nail in the hole; the bearings pelted into the container below like rain hitting a tin roof.

The whole thing couldn't have cost any more than a dime but it was doing a tough job better and faster than it had ever been done before.

Craig took the new machine to his office.

The next step is to manufacture a tool that will do the same job as Betty's little hunk of rough wood. When this has been tested and put into operation the suggestion committee, which meets twice a month, will consider it. This committee is made up of representatives of management, engineering, tool design, cost department, manufacturing methods and two foremen.

After studying the volume of production and the time saved the com-

mittee will set an award (Craig is sure she will get a considerable amount for ingenuity alone) and her immediate boss will present her with the cheque right there in the meter department. The company photographer will be on hand to get a picture of everybody smiling and this along with the success story will be posted on the bulletin board; it will also appear in the bi-monthly Suggestion Committee Report that is mailed to each employee's home.

That, however, will not necessarily be the end of Betty Holk's award. If subsequent use or a change in pro-



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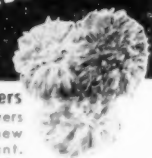
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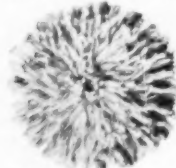
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duction proves this tool to be more valuable than was at first estimated the committee will reopen the case, make further cost studies and give whatever additional award is indicated.

Westinghouse maintains a full-time staff of five on its suggestion system. Craig, a wiry sharp-faced little man with a perpetual smile, spends about ninety percent of his time talking with workers. He is on a hearty "Hiya chum" basis with everybody.

Every suggestion is acknowledged immediately by letter and if there is a delay (it may take upwards of a year) the suggester is advised from time to time of the progress being made. No suggestion is too small or too obvious to be recognized. One girl received two bucks for suggesting that a rubber mat be placed outside her office door to make it easier for the cleaning woman. A man got ten dollars for suggesting that waste buckets be placed at the end of the cafeteria tables.

Some of the canner Westinghouse employees look upon suggestion money as a regular part of their income. Murray Wilson, an old-timer in the paint department, has won \$1,580 for twenty-three suggestions (\$600 for merely suggesting that transformer radiators be dipped instead of spray-painted) and always has two or three under consideration. Award money has furnished his kitchen, complete with stove and refrigerator, helped pay for his car and insulated his house.

Others don't hit the jackpot so often. John Pryde has made three hundred and twenty-nine suggestions in the past eight years and has had twenty-nine accepted with total winnings of about three hundred dollars. But it doesn't cost anything to make a suggestion and, like a sweepstake-ticket buyer, he never knows when he might strike it rich.

A Puff of Smoke for \$75

Every man is an inventor at heart. An employee of A. V. Roe, manufacturers of jet planes at Malton, Ont., sent in a suggestion for a jet engine to be strapped to the back of a skier for Arctic warfare, you understand. He sent elaborate drawings and explanations for everything except how to keep the wearer from being burned to a cinder.

Ideas hit different people in different ways, sometimes completely by accident.

Fern Grace was sitting on a stool in the Westinghouse plant scraping varnish off fine wires preparatory to sticking them into a solder pot for tinning. Then, by chance, she dipped one that wasn't quite clean. There was a puff of white smoke and when she pulled out the wire she found that the solder had burned off the varnish and done the tinning job as well. So the next time she didn't scrape at all, just dipped. That worked, too.

While investigating her suggestion the committee heard from five foremen who said it wouldn't work. But it was working, and they finally discovered that the solder she was using was just hotter than that in the other pots. She collected seventy-five dollars.

Kay Park, on the other hand, went after an idea and got one. A supervisor in the radio-tube department, she was working on statistical inspection and trying to figure why they were having to scrap so many radio-tube mounts. Finally she figured out that if they welded the top cathode after testing instead of before, they could repair the ones that didn't work. This simple little idea saved 32,300 mounts in one year and netted Kay \$357.

Often one suggestion leads to another. Alf Vardy, a sixty-seven-year-old car-



penter who works briefly in most Westinghouse departments, keeps his eyes open for ways of improving methods. He rigged up a jig for soldering heat exchangers but before the committee had decided on it two more suggestions for improvements of his jig had been submitted by other workers. The committee finally paid five hundred dollars for the completed idea and since Alf had been the originator gave him two thirds of the award.

According to Jack Craig, statistics on a national scale indicate that about ten percent of workers are constructive thinkers. He points out that the seventeen thousand ideas submitted at Westinghouse since the plan was inaugurated have come from fewer than a thousand of the company's eight thousand eligible workers. Also, there is a big turnover among suggesters. The best ones keep getting themselves promoted to foremen. Along with executives, engineers, draftsmen, researchers and such, the foremen are ineligible for cash awards except for ideas that show ingenuity "beyond their regular duties or responsibilities."

Only twenty-three out of every one hundred suggestions sent in are worth money to the submitter, according to national figures, but the Westinghouse average is better. Its acceptance rate in 1950 was a remarkable forty-two percent.

"An important value of suggestion plans that most people don't realize," says Craig, "is that it gives the men a chance to blow off steam and at the same time supplies us with a lot of valuable constructive criticism." Many a grievance has been turned into a suggestion. One man wrote out a grievance about having to lift three-hundred-pound kegs of nails in a narrow passageway. Craig persuaded him to tear it up and instead send in a suggestion that the size of the containers be reduced. He did and they were and he received ten dollars for the suggestion.

Every day, more and more companies are becoming what Craig calls "suggestion-plan-conscious." Many send representatives around to study the Westinghouse setup with a view to setting up a similar system of their own. Westinghouse is now considering boosting its own plan in the only way that really counts—higher cash awards.

Herbert H. Rogge, president of Westinghouse, recently stated: "The suggestion plan gives a man a chance to express himself on production problems and inspires the teamwork so vital to all concerned."

Or as Dave Scott, one of his maintenance men who has knocked off \$1,033 for fourteen awards, put it: "The money comes in mighty handy!" ★

London Letter

Continued from page 4

newspapers, however, are overwhelmingly owned by capitalists who are anti-Socialist. He feels quite rightly that Lord B or Lord C would probably give him a job but what would his colleagues think about it? He was a secretary of state, one of the great figures of the Labour regime, a back-bencher raised to the seats of the mighty. Would he not lose caste if he took the pieces of silver from his party's enemies?

And while he is pondering these matters men like Herbert Morrison and Chuter Ede are doing the same thing. They held high office from 1940 until 1951. Financially they were five-thousand-a-year ministers, and it is surprising how easily a man and his wife become used to a raised standard of living. Now they are back on what is left of one thousand a year after taxation and expenses have whittled it down to an insignificant sum.

Now I suggest that we turn the coin over and look at the other side. Let us leave the conquered and go to the tents of the victors. Churchill is forming his government and every Tory with any aspirations for office is sitting by his telephone waiting, hoping and yearning for the great man's voice.

Who is this suave handsome fellow with an attractive pensive smile and an air of intellectual distinction? He is Sir Walter Monckton, the barrister and close friend as well as adviser to King Edward VIII in the abdication crisis. He is one of the leading figures in the bar and earns a big income which, however, means little enough in these days of merciless taxation. As a great lawyer and a Tory MP he is in line for one of the three legal prizes in the hands of Churchill: Lord chancellor, attorney-general or solicitor-general. It is the lure of these posts that brings so many lawyers into politics.

Winnie Holds the Plums

The telephone rings. The Prime Minister would be grateful if Sir Walter Monckton would come at once to Downing Street if it is convenient. Sir Walter assures the Premier's secretary that it is convenient. At the appointed time Sir Walter appears.

"Sit down," says Churchill. "I want you to join my government and I hope you will accept. I need you for a key post, perhaps the toughest job in the government, but you have the gifts and qualities that make you the right man for it. I want you to be minister of labor."

Fifteen minutes later Sir Walter reaches the street and wipes the perspiration from his brow. Minister of labor! A post in which recognizable success is impossible since labor relations are always ebbing or flowing like the tides. He would have to give up the bar, and his place would be taken by brilliant newcomers. And Churchill told him that as an economy all cabinet salaries would be cut from five thousand pounds to four thousand. He felt like an operatic tenor at the height of his fame accepting a job as a traveling salesman.

Another brilliant and younger barrister, John Foster, KC, is even worse off. He, too, received the great man's summons; he, too, was certain that one of the three legal plums was about to fall into his hands. When he emerged from No. 10 Downing Street he was the under-secretary of the Commonwealth Office at fifteen hundred pounds a year. A dazzling figure with a great career before him at the bar he puts

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I'm tired of calendars depicting
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lakes,
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Barefoot boys with fishing
poles,
Cottages with flowers,
Ruins, ships, kid-teacher scenes,
Cats resembling ours,
But since my kind—the cheese-
cake ones—
Always boomerang,
I'll find a more innocuous type
My wife will let me hang.

—Ray Romine

aside his gown and returns his briefs. He is a junior minister with a junior's wage.

It is the British instinct to admire the amateur and distrust the professional. That philosophy is applied by them not only to sport but to politics. There is no qualification test of any sort for a candidate seeking election to parliament. He need not even be literate, for the clerks would almost certainly accept an X as his signature when he took the oath. After that he can sit there and, if he chooses, never open his mouth on any subject. In fact he need not even understand what the debate is about.

On the whole the system has worked well over here for several centuries, but the growing mass of legislation as the state impinges more and more upon the individual makes heavy demands on the MPs of today. One has to be something of an economist, a bit of a military expert, a student of finance, a theoretical farmer, a foreign observer, a knowledgeable fellow on colonial matters, and a realist on labor relations. The normal hours for debate are no longer adequate, and the light in Big Ben's tower constantly proclaims to the midnight wanderers of the streets that the House is still sitting.

How long can we keep membership of parliament a part-time occupation except for those who become ministers? Not only the committee work and the debating chamber take toll of our time but the troubles of our constituents multiply with the vexations of modern life. No wonder Churchill said the other day that the first requirement of a politician is good health. You have to be tough for this game.

None of us wants to face the issue but it confronts us just the same: Has the time come to make politics a full time job? Should it perhaps be modeled on the plan of an elected political civil service, with probational training and a series of examinations as a pre-qualification for candidature? If that sounds absurd what about the system which says that anyone is good enough to govern the country?

Admittedly the adoption of a candidate means he is scrutinized and weighed up by people of reasonably good judgment. He has to hold his own on the public platform and talk sensibly to men and women about the problems that beset them. He must have a reputation for honesty and civic responsibility, and should be happily married. All these things are important but do they in themselves constitute a fitness for parliament? Yes—if we maintain the old standards of appraisal; no—if we visualize parliament-

ary government as being taken out of its historic and traditional atmosphere and streamlined into a modern efficient instrument of administration.

If the latter course is followed what form of service agreement would be given to an MP? Should he qualify for a pension according to his years in parliament or should he receive no compensation of any sort when his ungrateful constituents decide that they have had enough of him? A few years ago we had the spectacle of an aged socialist who had been His Majesty's secretary of state for home affairs writing to *The Times* that he could not support his wife and himself even in the necessities of existence. That was one of the reasons which made us start a contributory pension scheme where each MP pays twelve pounds a year. No one can draw from this fund in later years unless he or his widow can prove hardship.

In the Dominions the pay of members of parliament is on a more realistic basis than in Britain but political life even in the Dominions is still a hazardous affair, although there are plenty of men willing to take the risk. But it is still a question whether men who are harassed by personal problems are likely to have clear minds for the problems of the nation as a whole.

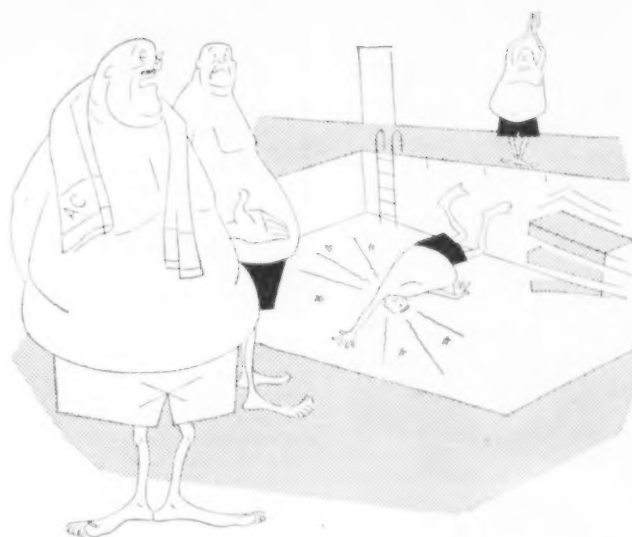
Instinctively I detest the idea of Britain creating the professional politician but I have to admit that it is becoming more and more a professional's job. It might be argued that since local government, even the government of London, is efficiently conducted by men who draw no remuneration whatsoever but are content to serve for the honor of it, then we should expect some degree of sacrifice and dedication of service from members of parliament. I agree with that, except that one is a part-time service and the other is becoming a full time occupation.

Perhaps some day we shall reach a compromise, and the British are good at that kind of thing. I can visualize a gradual change which would create a chamber with perhaps a hundred MPs as full-time members with adequate salaries, a chamber which would deal with the committee stages of the government bills and work in close contact with the administration. The full parliament would be summoned perhaps three times a year when the broad policy of government measures would be fully debated. The full parliament would have the right to accept or reject bills and, of course, dismiss the government if it chose to do so. As, however, the government would have a majority in such a parliament its existence would not be as precarious as it sounds.

There is much to be said for such a system even though it shocks the purists on first impact. The three-tier system of the administration, a full-time committee body and a general assembly convened at regular intervals might prove both efficient and beneficial.

Then we would not have the human problems and even tragedies of men who have held ministerial posts for years being flung on the political ash heap with no adequate means of supporting themselves decently. The truth is that in Britain the nation is a bad employer when it comes to those who serve it in parliament. Nor is it an adequate answer to say that it cannot be too bad when so many men are willing and eager to put their heads in the noose.

The old Mother of Parliaments detests changes, but she is keeping shocking hours for one of her age and really ought to consider if she should not make some changes in her way of life. ★



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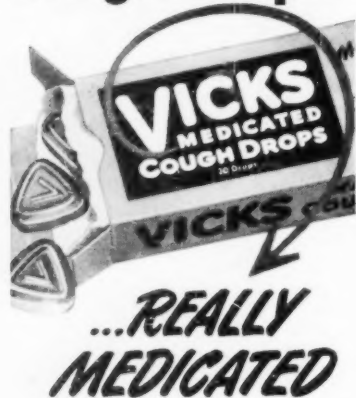
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How the Greigs Put Pop Through College

Continued from page 9

because it was quiet there. About two in the morning he came down to warm himself at the space heater, for it was one of the colder nights of a cold winter on Hanlan's Point. As usual his ears were attuned to the liquid cry of a distressed pipe and, as he opened the door going into his own place, he heard the most terrible sound he had ever heard from the water system.

The coils carrying the water around the gas flame burst and the water poured all over the place. He lacked the equipment or the skill to staunch the flow and there were no plumbers on Hanlan's Point to call. He worked unsuccessfully most of the night and left for his exam early the next morning carrying the heavy knowledge that the water would continue to pour until he could return with a plug to fix it.

When the results were announced Bob learned that he had flunked organic chemistry.

Troubles seemed to queue up outside the Greig house that spring and on one day they burst inside in a classic cataclysmic clutch of three. "That day" as it's known around the Greigs, who have known many "days," began in the morning when Velma noticed a swelling on the side of Linda's head.

The baby had fallen out of her high chair a few days before but with no immediate serious effects. Velma, now, made arrangements at the Hospital for sick Children to have an X-ray taken. Bob dropped his work of winterizing the house, which had top priority that spring, and took the baby on the boat over to the city. When he walked into the hospital he was told to call his wife at once.

Dianne had put her arm through the wringer of the washing machine and her skin was broken and torn. Would he ask the doctor what she should do? As soon as the doctor had finished explaining to Bob that the baby had a fractured skull and must be watched very closely, he said he would like to see Dianne. Skin grafts might be necessary.

Velma was waiting at the dock with Dianne when Bob arrived home and as she went off to the hospital he returned to the house to find another emergency. The schoolteacher had called to say Kenneth had lodged a pencil eraser deep in his ear. The teacher thought it would need a doctor's help to get it out. Bob got it out himself, however, and sat down to wait for the word on Dianne. It was good; the grafts were not necessary.

Sideline In Septic Tanks

But later in the same burgeoning happy season Dianne had to return to the hospital to have her appendix taken out and Velma soon followed for an operation on her varicose veins. Later, DVA wrote to say that Bob would no longer receive aid because he had flunked a class.

That summer Bob took over the four-mile milk route on the island pulling a heavy cart loaded with as many as twenty full cases of milk through the flood water which covered the roads to a depth of three feet in places. In his spare time he dug gardens, strung tennis rackets, helped Velma with the children until she had recovered from her operation, worked on his house and on other people's houses against the winter.

And it looked like a tough winter. Medical expenses had been heavy in spite of the fact that Velma and the



children had availed themselves of such benefits as outpatients' clinics and public wards. The RCAF benevolent fund had helped with doctors' bills but there would be no DVA assistance in the year to come. The war chest was light.

It was at this point that Bob Greig, as many other deserving students have done and will do, applied for a bursary based on need. He was granted two by the university, two for one hundred dollars each, and in another year one for a hundred and fifty dollars. Others among the 124 veterans in Bob's class of 152 were seeking and getting aid from the same source. Dean R. G. Ellis, of the U. of T. faculty of dentistry, had this to say about the problem: "It's getting increasingly difficult for young people to train for the professions without some kind of help. Bob Greig's case is not an isolated one. This year, with half of our graduating class still made up of veterans, we had requests for aid amounting to thirteen thousand dollars and were able to offer only five thousand. The problem will be with us when the veteran student is not, and we're trying to do something about it inside the profession and within the alumni of this university by sending out an appeal for funds to set up our own bursaries."

When Bob applied he was told he was the only man ever to apply who listed "cleaning septic tanks" among his extramural activities.

He passed his supplementary exam, thus becoming eligible to continue his course and got a part-time job at the post office. The Greigs were now renting half of the downstairs apartment, and the baby-bonus cheques, together with odd jobs including baby-sitting, kept the Greigs in operation. Clothes were almost eliminated as an item of expense through the generosity of friends and relatives. Even Bob's clothes came from a brother. He didn't buy a new suit all the six years he was a student. Christmas gifts came from the same kind sources.

Velma tried to relieve Bob of financial worries—although there was little she could do about the actual financial burden he was carrying—by taking care

of all money matters. Each morning she gave him a quarter for car tickets and made a lunch which he ate at school.

Later, when he was through his course, the price of tickets went up to three for a quarter in Toronto and Bob remarked to a friend, half in earnest, "If this had happened earlier I would have been licked."

In those days when people attempted to tell the Greigs about the fine job they were doing Bob would always nod toward Velma. "It's her," he would say. "I don't know how she does it."

He Slept In Streetcars

In all his school years they went to one movie together, attended one university function, an at-home the first year. Yet the Greigs were known to all the islanders as a happy contented family. The children were happy, well-fed and as well-dressed as any children at Sunday school.

The family's health remained good and Bob, except for a tendency to go to sleep in class, on streetcars and ferries, was managing to handle a heavy academic year. Frequently he slept past his streetcar stop and had to walk back because he didn't have a spare car ticket. Professors sometimes referred to him as "that fellow who sleeps through my lectures." He did his studying during the week in the dentistry library where it was quiet, and on Sundays when the library was closed he would go across the bay to the Royal York hotel and study on the mezzanine. One Sunday afternoon he fell asleep there and a hotel detective stirred him with the brusque warning: "This is no place to be sleeping, Mac."

Velma felt that because of his heavy school year he should be relieved of all outside work so she took a night job packing Christmas-tree ornaments in a factory.

Velma would feed the children their supper, put the baby to bed and put Bob's meal to warm on the back of the stove. Then she would start out for the ferry, the same one on which he came home from school. They had a few minutes together at the ferry slip,

a few minutes to talk and be together, and then she would go to work and he would go home to have his own supper and put the two older children to bed. Then to his books.

It didn't work, however, and Velma's legs gave out on her and she had to leave her job and Bob went back to work in the post office nights. Financially they got by but Bob failed his year, precipitating the gravest crisis they had yet faced.

Should he repeat his year? Fees were to be higher; there was equipment to be bought. The doctors had just told them Linda had a coeliac condition, which meant an expensive high protein diet since she was intolerant to fats. A can of special milk cost a dollar-fifty and lasted four days. She also had to have her tonsils out.

The decision to continue was not made any easier by a post-office edict that only veterans with overseas service could hold part-time jobs. Bob liked the work and he would have been due for an increase. Besides he would need every cent he could get because Velma was having a baby, their fourth, in January. However, he got a job at Eaton's packing groceries in the evenings and began to repeat his year.

In November Bob was called at school and told his wife must have more surgery done on her legs and was, in fact, at the hospital for the operation. He went home to look after the children until she had recovered.

Velma, strong of body and even stronger of spirit, recovered quickly and when her baby was due in January she went down to the boat by herself after persuading Bob to stay at home and get some rest.

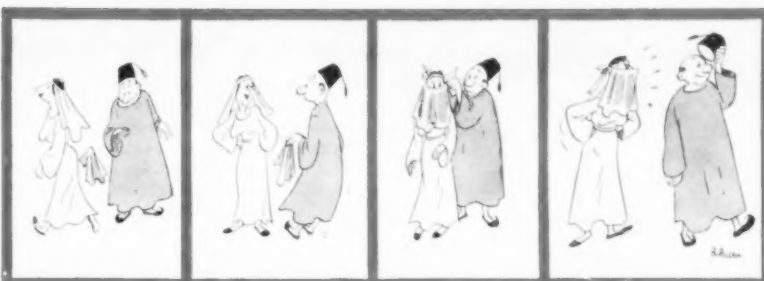
"Husbands are only a nuisance around a hospital at a time like this," she told him. Bob, too tired to protest, agreed. He was asleep when David was born.

Velma came home from the public ward two days later. David was sickly at first; he only weighed five pounds. But expert medical care corrected a lung ailment and the child quickly gained strength, although he too suffered from the same coeliac condition which afflicted Linda.

The obstetrician who delivered the child and the specialist who treated the baby's lung both contributed their services.

The little family, not so little now for there were six Greigs, continued to work and thrive and survive. Bob passed his year and that summer went back to his carpentry work by day and a job he had secured the year before with the Army Dental Corps by night. The fees at school were raised again to three hundred dollars this time, and there was expensive equipment to buy, but they managed. It helped a little when the city rented their house as a polling station for the civic election. Kenneth was now making about fifteen dollars a month delivering the Star. Dianne helped too, by working as a photographer's model at five dollars an hour. She got into this line of work the same way Lana Turner got before the cameras. When a visitor to the island commented on her blond beauty he got in touch with a studio, which got in touch with Dianne, and used her picture in several magazine advertisements and knitting-instruction books. And then there were those small, welcome cheques from Bob's and Velma's parents which seemed to arrive when they were needed most.

During this summer Bob had one of his few chances to play tennis, a game he loves, when he entered the island tournament and without practice finished in the finals of the men's singles, which he lost after taking the first two sets; and the finals of the men's doubles,



which with his partner he won. He took the cash in lieu of a prize and bought a textbook, Oral Diagnosis.

He told a friend: "Might have won the singles too, but I got sleepy."

Through all the six long years the Greigs remained out of debt, although there were times when it was hard to hold their heads above water. The welcome parcels of used clothing continued to arrive from relatives at the coast and in California. There were times too when one of the young Greigs could exclaim, "Why, this is brand-new!" as a worn-out piece of clothing was replaced. Velma found money for everything that was needed.

As the end of Bob's course approached, excitement mounted on Han-

Greig, was happily waiting for her. The children were there, wide-eyed and silent with the knowledge that this was a very great moment.

Now, if this were the movies and the Greigs weren't real people, the music would come up and the camera would get sentimentally misty and steal away. But the Greigs are very real people and, while they'd arrived at the land their courage had promised them, it turned out to be just as rough in some ways as the country through which they had been traveling.

Velma had taken up a great deal of the strain to spare her husband and the children, but she paid for it with a duodenal ulcer. An operation recently removed a section of her stomach.

She says she's fine now, though.

The Greigs have another island house now, financed with the money they put into the old one, although in all their years of paying for the first one at twenty-one dollars a month they added only five hundred dollars to their investment. This one has no holes and it has five bedrooms, so the children can have some privacy and Kenneth can have a place to hang that certificate he got for saving his little friend's life. They have a dog called Pal. "We could never afford a dog before," says Bob.

Dr. Greig has an office in the sun porch at home where he takes island patients and has his main office on Yonge Street, near St. Clair Avenue. He has turned out to be the good dentist his professors said he would be. Each weekday morning he conducts a clinic at Morse Street Public School. Some day he would like to do all his work among children.

Right now it's tough sledding getting started. He looks at the debts he's acquired getting set up since graduation, and he worries. Away back when he was fighting to get here he was too busy to be worried. Besides, in those days a man could always string a tennis racket to take his mind off his troubles. ★

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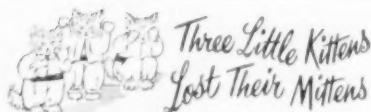
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Movie Censorship: The Scandal You Take for Granted

Continued from page 11

which had previously passed the Ontario censor board without a murmur. Hughes described it as "purely Russian propaganda . . . a coldly sadistic picture, depicting the Nazis at their worst." The ban raised a considerable furore but an appeal board consisting of a Catholic barrelmaker, community worker and a doctor's wife upheld the ruling until the distributor, in 1949, made sufficient cuts to satisfy the board's sensibilities.

Alberta's former Provincial Secretary, A. J. Hooke, under whom the Alberta movie censor operated, declared in 1946 that the motion picture industry in the United States was dominated by Communist thought and that Alberta intended to examine films more closely for "undemocratic propaganda." Accordingly, he instructed his censor "to watch carefully for any materialistic, undemocratic, un-Christian propaganda disguised as entertainment." He cited as examples three shorts on racial tolerance, among them Frank Sinatra's singing one-reeler *The House I Live In* and the National Film Board's documentary *Everyman's World*. Although these films weren't banned Hooke did forbid the showing of an English-produced short in Alberta's schools "because it does not fit into the curriculum." The picture was *Man—One Family*, another racial-tolerance feature with a commentary by the former head of UNESCO, Julian Huxley.

With eight different sets of personal prejudices at work, what is considered to be censorable in one province will not necessarily be regarded as such in another.

Of the four films banned by Manitoba and Saskatchewan censors during 1950—*Caged*, *The Threat*, *Kansas Raiders* and *The Snake Pit*—only *Caged* was banned in both provinces. *The Snake Pit*, the film in which Olivia de Havilland won an Oscar portraying the inmate of a mental hospital, was banned by the Saskatchewan censor, Rev. D. J. Vaughan, for a reason known only to him. The picture was later cleared for release by a Regina appeal board, with the proviso that a trailer be shown with the film to indicate that conditions shown in the picture did not apply to Saskatchewan institutions or the nursing profession in the province.

Regional sensitivity has had other interesting effects on the banning of films. A reissue of the great film classic *All Quiet On The Western Front* was withdrawn from Nova Scotia theatres for two months in 1950 during a recruiting drive, for the obvious reason that it didn't present army life in particularly rosy colors. New Brunswick censors object to two hanging scenes in another classic, *The Oxbow Incident*, so the film has never been released in that province. A picture about the rejuvenation of the Ku Klux Klan, *The Burning Cross*, was turned down by the British Columbia censor board because of a tar-and-feathering episode which was later voluntarily cut "for reasons of good taste" by the distributor. Green Pastures, based on the celebrated stage play about a Harlem heaven, was banned in Ontario until then-Premier Hepburn hastily formed an appeal board and had it passed.

In addition dozens of other films have scenes chopped from them each year—depending on the whims of provincial censors. In Ontario, for example, Alfred Hitchcock's *Rope* and Tennessee Williams' *A Streetcar Named Desire* have both been cut. (One "objection-

able" phrase cut from *Streetcar* was "Kiss me on the mouth.")

In 1946 Quebec's Premier Duplessis, under whose attorney-generalship the Quebec censor board falls, blasted the National Film Board for producing shorts with alleged Communist content. Four years later he ordered the Quebec Film Bureau, a provincial agency, to stop distributing all NFB products during a period of "study, research and taking stock." Critics pointed out that if he chose he could just as easily have instructed his censors to ban all NFB pictures from Quebec theatres.

Must Kiss Your Own Wife

Film censorship as practiced in Quebec is one of the most advanced examples of the direction which state-controlled censorship inevitably takes. The seven-man board of censors has recently been given the additional duty of censoring all magazines sold in the province. The board is composed entirely of Roman Catholics and, although there is nothing written into their code to cover it, all members recognize an automatic submission to the church in matters of film censorship. Quebec's chief censor, Alex Gagnon, an ex-member of the editorial staff of the newspaper *Le Devoir*, admits quite frankly, "We are a Catholic province, and we will not permit anything to be shown which does not conform to the Catholic idea."

In effect this means no film shown in Quebec can contain scenes of direct killings, kissing another man's wife, suicide, or scenes condoning the idea of divorce. Although none of these are specified in the code the board automatically terms such situations "immoral" and cuts accordingly. The resulting product is in itself sometimes of dubious morality.

Films like *September Affair*, with Joseph Cotten and Joan Fontaine, have undergone a remarkable transformation at the hands of the Quebec censors. This particular love story presented a married man and a single woman who decide to take advantage of their supposed death in a plane crash to run away from the world in general and the man's wife in particular. In the uncut version they decide that only by his returning and divorcing his wife, then marrying the second woman, can the two live at peace with their consciences. The Quebec version succeeded in offending all religious groups for, with any suggestion of divorce cut, the couple suddenly appeared recon-

ciled to living the rest of their lives together but unwed.

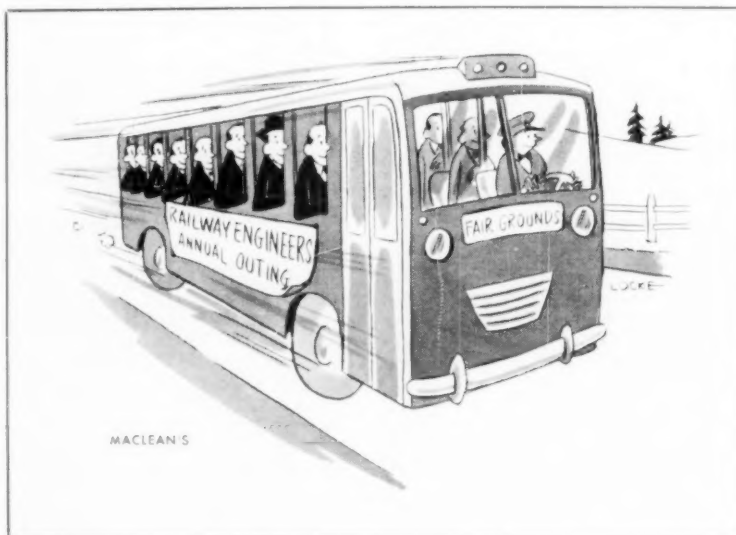
Quebec also puts an additional restraint on the film maker by refusing to deal with any obvious adaptation of a forbidden book. Although the code specifies nothing in this regard, no film bearing the title of a book listed in the *Index Librorum Prohibitorum* (a list of books which the Catholic Church forbids its members to own or read) has ever appeared on a Quebec screen. Even Hollywood's tame version of *Forever Amber* was ruled off on this account although the distributor was confidentially advised it might be reconsidered if the title were changed. A new title meant too many publicity problems, so Quebec audiences remained *Amberless*.

It seems that this particular ban has even occasionally worked against original screenplays. Paul Muni's portrayal of the French novelist Emile Zola, which was okayed by America's Catholic Legion of Decency, was never shown in Quebec—Zola's works are on the Index.

Any suggestion of criticism of the clergy is also strictly forbidden in Quebec theatres. Charlie Chaplin's last film, *Monsieur Verdoux*, which suffered at the hands of censors everywhere, got particularly rough treatment in Quebec. The story concerns a dapper French traveling man who, during the great depression, marries, then murders a series of rich spinsters to support his crippled wife. In Quebec as in most regions of North America his peroration to the trial jury, in which he justifies his actions, was completely cut. Later, in the death cell, he disputes with a priest who comes to deliver the last rites. This scene, which originally ran several minutes, was trimmed to less than thirty seconds, with Chaplin and the priest jumping about between the cuts like characters out of an original Chaplin two-reeler. In spite of this it played to capacity houses for weeks in Montreal.

The history of *Monsieur Verdoux* is an interesting example of the screening process through which we in Canada have our movie fare filtered. The original film was turned back twice by the Motion Picture Association office, which administers Hollywood's rigid and fiercely moralistic code of ethics. This code, written by two Catholics—publisher Martin Quigley and Jesuit Father Daniel Lord—is applied to every film produced in Hollywood and no picture may be released by the Motion Picture Association of America until it has passed this office of self-censorship.

Still, with this exacting test and the



MACLEAN'S

In a Manner of Speaking

A yawning chasm never sleeps,
The dying year will have no
shroud,
The autumn sky which softly
weeps,
Sheds saltless tears from eye-less
clouds;
The smiling valley has no lips,
The singing river has no throat,
The driving gale can wield no whips,
And . . . Vested Interests wear no
coat;
The throbbing engine has no heart,
The spitted roast can never spit;
The jargon of a journal's art
Runs on unchecked by rein or bit.

—Martha Banning Thomas.

further protective provisions of Canada's Criminal Code, we are told the movie makers cannot be trusted to exhibit their wares without first undergoing the scrutiny of government officials.

Of course quite often the objection to a film is for reasons distinctly divorced from the actual product. Such was certainly the case with the celebrated Bergman-Rossellini effort, *Stromboli*, where pressure groups objected not so much to the picture as to the private lives of the participants.

The protests, however, were not without their effect. The American-controlled Famous Players Canadian Corp., Canada's largest theatre chain, declined to distribute the film even though in the normal course of events it would have. John J. Fitzgibbons, president of Famous Players, said his chain refused to handle the film because of the controversy surrounding it. *Stromboli* died a quick and unprofitable death in second-rate houses.

Pressure groups form an interesting adjunct to the official censorship setup in Canada. One example of their power lies in the case of *Ways of Love*, a European art film which was recently subjected to unprecedented attacks by the Catholic Church in New York City. The film, an adaptation of three short stories by prominent European writers, contained a story called *The Miracle*, which New York's Cardinal Spellman branded as sacrilegious. After much litigation the film's attackers finally succeeded in having it suppressed. Apparently as a result of the attendant publicity the Ontario censor board banned the film without seeing it.

Both distributors and censors seem reluctant to get involved in any sort of legal battle which might raise the question of the censor boards' constitutionality. Suits have been threatened or started but none has ever been pressed to the legal limit.

The reason for the amicable truce between the distributor and the censor is fairly obviously financial. To the provinces the censorship-fee arrangement means a clean-cut source of revenue amounting to something over three hundred thousand dollars annually (Ontario alone netted more than a hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars in 1949). To the distributor it amounts to a form of "protection" money which takes the responsibility for a picture's acceptability from his shoulders. By paying censorship fees he is assured that his product will never get him personally into any kind of legal trouble and, considering that he passed the cost on to the movie patrons anyway, it's a fairly satisfactory arrangement. The only person

who should be unhappy is the customer—who must, in the end, pay for it. But he rarely has occasion to think of it.

The distributors' attitude toward censorship in Canada stands in strange contrast to their fierce and militant position in the United States. There the same companies spend millions annually fighting every attempt to increase existing censorship. They point with pride to their Hollywood production code. They demand the same freedom which is accorded the press, the stage, radio, television and other entertainment media.

One prominent Canadian movie man cynically explains the anomaly by suggesting, "Freedom is something you fight for only in your own back yard. Canada is a foreign country to the people who control our movie industry. Here their concern is profits, not freedom. It's a case of making a deal with the tribal chief."

The tribal chief might be confident of sailing along serenely for an indefinite period were it not for the impending arrival of television in Canada. TV presents the film clippers with a situation that threatens to topple their whole profitable undemocratic arrangement like a transmitting antenna in a hurricane.

Under the various provincial acts no motion picture may be shown publicly in Canada without first being approved by the local board of censors. Yet, as soon as it has a network operating, CBC television will be telecasting programs across the country from a single originating point, programs which will undoubtedly consist largely of motion pictures.

Each Man His Own Censor

Censors are already worried that if the CBC can "play" films without first submitting them to censorship the commercial theatre operators would then be entitled to do the same. Further, they can be sure the CBC will not look kindly on the cost and inconvenience of having each of its television films passed by eight separate censor boards before telecasting it coast to coast. While CBC will give no official indication of what its attitude will be it is altogether likely it will attempt to proceed without ever recognizing the existence of provincial censorship.

In such an event, if the provinces challenge the right of the CBC to evade censorship, they open up the whole question of their constitutionality. If they choose to do this they will be up against a legal precedent which almost foredooms their chances. In 1931 Quebec challenged the validity of the Radiotelegraph Act, under which the federal government regulated and controlled radio communication. The case was finally taken to the privy council in London which ruled that Canada's parliament had "jurisdiction to regulate and control radio communication, including the transmission and reception of signs, signals, pictures, and sounds of all kinds by means of hertzian waves." If such a judgment were reaffirmed by Canada's Supreme Court it would probably mean the end of some of the easiest, largest and most comfortable annual revenue now enjoyed by the provincial governments.

The people who stand to gain from such a situation are those who prefer to judge, for themselves what movies they will or will not see. As for protection, they would still have the various European and American production codes, the laws of Canada, the exhibitors' business sense, and their own right of choice to protect them from any indiscreet film makers. ★



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Why Jews Don't Get Drunk

Continued from page 13

effective and personal in making the Jew feel that he belongs are the strong family ties he enjoys. Snyder has been impressed with the love and respect that exist between members of the Jewish family. "The younger people seem to have a profound respect for their parents, even though they often disagree with them on many matters," he says. He found that many unmarried Jewish adult men, unlike those in

the non-Jewish group, continue to live under the family roof even though they are economically capable of establishing their own domiciles.

The unity of the Jewish family is well illustrated by sociologist Stanley Brav, who compared a group of Jewish and Gentile families in the community of Vicksburg, Miss. (population 23,000). He found that the Jews went out of their way twice as often to have contact with blood relatives living in the vicinity; that fifteen percent more sent birthday and anniversary gifts to close relatives. Jews gave financial aid

to relatives fifty percent more frequently and there was a greater family sharing of grief and distress. The Jews were more inclined to follow the honors and achievements of their families, especially their children. "While strong family ties may not be the entire answer," says Snyder, "they do have an important bearing on sustaining the Jewish pattern of moderation."

The alcoholic is definitely not a family man. The Yale Center found that of twelve hundred men arrested for drunkenness in Connecticut, only twenty-three percent were living with

their wives. Alcoholics are divorced from their wives twelve times as frequently, separated six times as frequently as the nonalcoholic.

There may still be another reason for the absence of alcoholism among the Jews: the extraordinarily high value placed on mental faculties. Scholars have always held an honored position in Jewish life. Excessive drinking interferes with rational thinking, hence it is eschewed.

In my own interviewing I found that many middle-aged Jews on festive occasions take a set number of drinks—usually two—and no more. They know they can safely take this amount without the loss of any of their powers. When I asked one sixty-year-old man how he happened to decide on a two-drink limit, he smilingly quoted an old Jewish saying: "When I have one drink I feel like a different man. The second drink is for the other man."

Does a Horse Get Tight?

On occasions when the Jewish parent has to discuss the dangers of drink with his children his approach is apt to appeal to the high value placed on the intellect. Researcher Ruth Landman tells of a rural Jewish family where the teen-age son came home for supper slightly tipsy. His father looked at him and said nothing. After the meal he asked the boy to accompany him out to the barn. There he gave the horse a bucket of water to drink, then another and then another. Halfway through the third the horse refused to drink any more. When the father insisted the horse reared up. The father then turned to the son and said, "Always remember—even a dumb animal has sense enough to know when to stop." The matter was not discussed beyond this.

Another reason that Jews are rarely alcoholics may be because of the way in which they drink: when they drink they eat. They seldom take liquor alone. Centuries ago the Talmud advised, "Wine should be taken with meals; in between meals it intoxicates." The wisdom of this ancient injunction has been dramatically proven in the laboratories of the Yale Center of Alcohol Studies. Alcohol requires no digestion, passing directly from the stomach and intestine into the bloodstream. It enters the bloodstream minutes after it's taken and remains there until it is oxidized or eliminated in breath and urine.

Now the presence of food in the stomach slows down the rate of passage of alcohol into the bloodstream. In one experiment a one-hundred-and-fifty-five-pound man was given four ounces of whisky, first on an empty stomach, then, on another day, after a meal. On a full stomach the liquor took three times as long to act and, when it did, it had lost sixty-three percent of its wallop. It has been shown that if a man were to drink alcohol slowly enough and as he ate,

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ACROSS THE WIDE MISSOURI: Clark Gable as a "squaw-man" in an energetic but confusing outdoor yarn about beaver trappers and Indians. A multi-lingual Frenchman (Adolphe Menjou) laboriously translates every redskin utterance; and I, for one, got fairly bored with this palovar after the first half hour.

ANGELO: Although less memorable than *Shoe Shine* or *The Bicycle Thief*, this Italian item shares some of their irony and compassion. It's about a reformed thief who learns that the actual father of his dead wife's little son was an American Negro soldier... and that the child, a lovable lad, is ebony of hue.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL: There are some grotesquely corny moments in this British filming of the Dickens fable. Alastair Sim, however, has a good time with the final or sanctified phases of old Scrooge's career. As his comic charlady, Kathleen Harrison is at the top of her form.

COME FILL THE CUP: Some improbable gangster mellerdrammer toward the fade-out doesn't prevent this from being, on the whole, an interesting picture with some unusual adult touches. Its hero (James Cagney) is an alcoholic newsman who goes on the wagon and often wishes he hadn't.

DECISION BEFORE DAWN: An earnest, honest but often draggy drama about anti-Hitler, prisoner-of-war Germans working behind Nazi lines for the Allies.

I WANT YOU: Producer Sam Goldwyn's disappointing successor to *The Best Years of Our Lives* (1946). In a style so muted that it frequently verges into utter dullness it deals with an "average" American family (Dana Andrews, Dorothy McGuire, Farley Granger, Robert Keith, et al. in the period between VJ Day and Korea.

LET'S MAKE IT LEGAL: A strained and oh-so-obvious domestic comedy

about a shapely grandma (Claudette Colbert) whose ex-husband (Macdonald Carey) wants to remarry her in spite of the rivalry of a political playboy (Zachary Scott). It's worth watching, momentarily, whenever Marilyn Monroe prowls into view as a purring model.

THE MOB: The plot—honest cop pretends to join the criminals so he can trap them—is an oldie, but Braderick Crawford's performance as the sleuth is a lusty one and the dialogue is often quite diverting. I enjoyed it.

RED BADGE OF COURAGE: John Huston has put Stephen Crane's renowned Civil War novel on film with a breadth, poetry and visual splendor well-suited to the material. The film's manifold merits outweigh its defects, which include an oily-tongued narrator and a few conversational passages marred by aw-shucks heavyhandedness.

THE RIVER: The painful but illuminating adolescence of three girls in present-day India is brilliantly shown by director Jean Renoir in a beautiful picture based on the Rumer Godden novel.

TEN TALL MEN: Highly recommended for youngsters on a Saturday afternoon. Older clients may decide, as I did, that it winds up being the very thing it set out to lampoon—an old-fashioned desert romantic adventure. Burt Lancaster and Gilbert Roland are among the Legionnaires who battle the Riffs and dazzle the ladies.

THE WELL: A decently done suspense drama about a Negro lot whose mysterious disappearance exposes the underlying racial tensions in her community.

WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE: The recent steady progress in the quality of Hollywood's science-fiction fantasies has been sadly set back by this unimpressive effort. Not even the laboratory-made Domsday shots are really imaginative or exciting, and the story itself is as full of holes as a fishnet.

GILMOUR RATES

An American in Paris: Musical. Tops.
Blue Veil: Drama. Fair.
Bright Victory: Drama. Good.
Browning Version: Drama. Excellent.
Capt. Horatio Hornblower: Adventure afloat and ashore. Good.
Close to My Heart: Drama. Fair.
David & Bathsheba: Epic romance. Fair.
Day the Earth Stood Still: Planetary space drama. Excellent.
Desert Fox: War drama. Fair.
Detective Story: Crime. Excellent.
Flying Leathernecks: War. Fair.
Force of Arms: Love and war. Good.
He Ran All the Way: Crime. Fair.
Jim Thorpe, All-American: True-life sports drama. Good.
Lady From Texas: Comedy. Fair.
Laughter in Paradise: Comedy. Fair.

Lavender Hill Mob: Comedy. Excellent.
Little Egypt: Comedy. Fair.
Lost Continent: Adventure. Poor.
Love Nest: Comedy. Fair.
No Highway in the Sky: Aviation science drama. Good.
People Against O'Hara: Crime. Good.
People Will Talk: Drama. Good.
Pickup: Marriage drama. Fair.
A Place in the Sun: Drama. Tops.
The Racket: Crime drama. Good.
Saturday's Hero: Campus drama. Good.
7 Days to Noon: Suspense. Excellent.
Silver City: Adventure. Poor.
A Streetcar Named Desire: Drama for adults. Excellent.
Texas Carnival: Musical. Fair.
Valley of Eagles: Adventure. Fair.
You Never Can Tell: Farce. Poor.

possibly no alcohol at all would show up in the blood.

It is no coincidence that the Jew eats as he drinks since food has always played an important role in Jewish life. It's been said that "Judaism is the only religion that takes God into the kitchen," referring to the elaborate Mosaic laws which specify how meat should be slaughtered and prepared and what foods can be taken together. More than that, food is inseparably linked with holidays, festivals and celebrations. When a Jewish host invites a friend over for a celebration he might mention that *leekach und branfen* will be served. Translated literally, this means "honey cake and brandy," although actually the refreshments may consist of a wide assortment of liquors and delicacies. The significant fact is that *leekach* and *branfen* are inseparable. It would be unthinkable to serve the "brandy" without the "honey cake."

Jewish eating habits may provide still another important clue in solving the mystery of Jewish moderation. "Is it possible," ask the Yale researchers, "that, instead of drinking too much as a method of reducing emotional tensions, some Jews eat too much?" In other words, is he a food addict instead of an alcohol addict? Snyder and his associates feel that this question deserves a very searching answer.

Jews, of course, are not immune from emotional tension. Statistics show that they suffer with neuroses and psychoses just about as often as other ethnic groups. The tense person desperately searches for a method of easing his discomfort. The method of relief he finally employs will be determined by his background and environment. The Irishman is prone to seize on drink. The Moslem, prohibited by his religion from taking liquor, sometimes chews hashish—a variety of hemp which produces an intoxicating effect. The Brahmins, also prohibited from taking alcohol, use opium. So do the Japanese, who have a low rate of alcoholism.

The Overprotective Mother

As for the Jew, there is some reason to believe that his preferred method of escape is to eat excessively. The passion displayed by some people for food has been likened, with good reason, to the drunkard's addiction to alcohol. In one New York study involving several hundred obese school children there was evidence that a disproportionate number—fifty-two percent—were Jewish. In another study a startling fact came to light: the family situation which breeds alcoholism resembles in many ways the situation which breeds obesity. The mother is overprotective, overindulgent and insists on spoiling, pampering and sometimes overfeeding her children.

The researchers at the Yale Center of Alcohol Studies don't know how long it will take them to finish their investigations, analyze their data and draw conclusions. But the progress to date has been encouraging. There is good reason to believe that out of the accumulated wisdom of the ancient Hebrew people will come guideposts for those who will use alcoholic beverages, pointing the way to safer and saner drinking habits. ★

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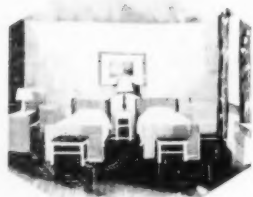
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SM-1

ALSO IN LEADING CITIES IN THE U.S.A.

Backstage at Ottawa

Continued from page 5

itself cannot be made public. Sometimes it's obtained from other countries under the seal of strictest secrecy. Sometimes it's of a nature which would identify the source, even though the source's name was never mentioned. As the Prime Minister indicated, it would be worth the Communist Party's while to sacrifice a few dozen members to stop leaks in its own organization.

From the point of view of the accused person the loyalty board has disadvantages too. It's true that he gets a hearing, though the hearing is bound to be unsatisfactory for the reasons set forth above. But in actual practice the experience of other countries has been that a larger number of people suffer greater damage to their reputations and fortunes. A man dismissed after a loyalty board hearing is branded for life. He can't get another job anywhere.

In Canada the whole unfortunate business has been handled as quietly as possible. Any company undertaking a contract for secret work must send to Ottawa a list of all employees who will have access to "classified" information. The list is checked by the RCMP. If RCMP files contain any information about any person named on the list that information (but not its source) is sent back to the Defense Production Department.

The department then has to make up its mind whether or not each individual is to be trusted with military secrets. Naturally they try to be very careful. An unfavorable report wouldn't necessarily mean a man is a Communist; it might be only that he talks too much, or drinks too much, or has a military record showing instability. If the department feels he isn't fully reliable for any reason at all they don't want him to know any military secrets.

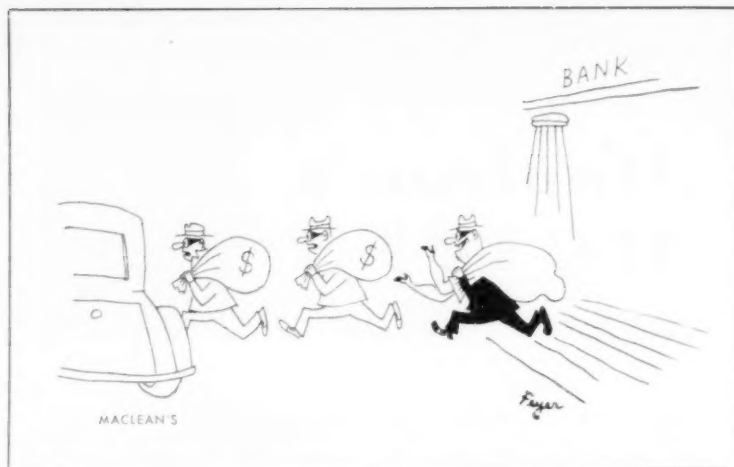
Up to that point the Government has no apologies to make for its method. The difficulties arise when action is taken on the unfavorable report.

Ideally, the Government would like every case to be handled like one that cropped up a year or so ago in one department here. The accused man was a technician, very good at his job. His boss called him in one day and said, in effect: "I want to advise you strongly to go out and find another job. Go to any industrial firm that is not doing secret work; tell them you're fed up with working for the Government. Tell them to call me and I'll give you a high recommendation — you're a good worker and I'll say so. If you do this immediately it will be to your advantage."

The man did exactly as he was told. He now has a good safe job in industry where he can do no harm — and where no harm has been done him. The original evidence against him may have been flimsy, but nobody has suffered at least.

Apparently most of the "screening" cases have been handled that way. Up to now about seventy-five thousand people have been screened for Defense Production; less than half of one percent have had unfavorable reports. And of those few only a tiny handful has actually been put out of employment; no figure has been published but I'm told it's fewer than a dozen.

Several people here, who know the facts, think A. V. Roe Company didn't need to fire Jackson. There were plenty of other places to put him among their seven thousand employees. Whatever may be done with the case of Jackson himself it now appears highly unlikely that A. V. Roe will fire anybody else in this fashion.



One nasty job will face the 1952 session of parliament right at the start: redistribution of seats. Of all the painful, illogical, somewhat immoral tasks an honest politician has to tackle this is the worst.

It's bad because there are no principles to follow. As Prof. Norman Ward, of Saskatchewan University, points out in his book, *The Canadian House of Commons*: "Even the fundamental principle of representation by population did not last long, for it was thrown to the winds when Manitoba and British Columbia entered Confederation in 1870 and 1871. Manitoba, which had an electorate far too small to entitle it to even one member, was given four. British Columbia, which could muster almost enough citizens to justify a single representative, was given six. Both provinces exacted this heavy over-representation as part of the agreement by which they entered Confederation."

Gerrymandering Is Dangerous

Ever since the only rule of redistribution has been rule of thumb. The two hundred and sixty-two seats in parliament are allotted to each province on a basis of population, but *within* each province no rules exist. In Ontario, for example, Glengarry County has 10,586 electors. York East, in suburban Toronto, has 80,689. Those are the two extremes, but there are other contrasts almost as bad: Welland with 69,816 against nearby Haldimand with 14,401, and many more.

In 1947 Liberal Walter Harris and the late PC John R. MacNicol agreed to let Ontario boundaries alone as much as possible. They were working with a census already six years old and they both knew the population figures were wrong. So they just added in the extra seat Ontario was entitled to and let most of the old anomalies stand.

This time Ontario gets two more seats, but that'll be a mere drop in the bucket. To make the distribution anything approaching fair, Ontario cities will need at least six more seats. Four of them, therefore, will have to be obtained by abolishing tiny rural seats like Glengarry, Haldimand and Prescott.

Luckily for the Government most of these rural seats went Liberal in 1949. Liberals haven't much hope of holding them, but at least it looks better for a Liberal Government to wipe out Liberal seats.

Gerrymandering nowadays is a very dangerous business. John A. Macdonald may have done the Tories good when he "hived the Grits" in the great gerrymander of 1882 (though some historians argue that even that one was a boomerang). Today there is no doubt. Voters are suspicious of govern-

ments' abuse of power. If an Opposition party could charge gerrymandering and make the charge stick it would gain more votes than it would lose.

So we shall have, in 1952, a highly paradoxical situation: in several cases, at least, the Liberals will be racking their brains to think of a way to save Conservative seats.

John Diefenbaker's riding, bang in the centre of Saskatchewan, is a case in point. One Conservative remarked, only half facetiously: "If they tried to wipe out Johnny's seat it would win votes for us all across the country."

Five whole seats have to come out of Saskatchewan somewhere. The CCF holds the two cities, a southern seat which looks safe for Hazen Argue no matter how it's juggled, M. J. Coldwell's stronghold of Rosetown-Biggan, and Percy Wright's riding farther north — hard to see how redistribution could wipe out more than one of those, at most. Unless Diefenbaker's riding is chopped up that means four Liberal seats gone.

Western Liberals can't afford it. The party may have a colossal majority in the whole of Canada, but on the prairies the Grits are a persecuted minority. The combined forces of CCF, Social Credit and Progressive Conservatives outnumber them heavily. If they do drop four seats in Saskatchewan and one of the two seats that will come out of Manitoba their prairie contingent may shrink to a corporal's guard.

To make matters worse, the prairies are the very place where Liberals have lost ground anyway. Wheat farmers are increasingly annoyed with the fixed price they get for wheat, while all they have to buy has gone up. Liberals have got so apprehensive that they persuaded the Government to the extraordinary course of accepting an amendment to the Address in Reply ("voting no confidence in itself," as one eastern Liberal said) rather than force western Grits to vote against CCF censure of wheat policy.

In the circumstances, a hard-shelled Grit like Jimmy Gardiner is unlikely to listen to eastern advice and let Diefenbaker alone. Jimmy was brought up to believe, like a Moslem, that the blood of an infidel is a passport to Paradise. No Tory's defeat will bring tears to Mr. Gardiner's eyes.

Considering all these things you can see why MP's always begin to talk, in any census year, of setting up a Redistribution Commission and taking the whole horrible responsibility off parliament's shoulders. Unhappily they never start thinking about this until too late (it would take at least three years to set up the commission and have the job done) and when they get the job behind them for another ten years they forget about it again. ★

Dinosaur Valley, Alta.

Continued from page 15

rich subbituminous coal. From them about two million tons of coal are funneled each year through Drumheller. The District also extends to include a five-sided trading area of about eight hundred square miles and fourteen thousand five hundred people, quartered by provincial highway and river and containing some of the richest farming and ranching country in Alberta.

Known respectively as "down below" and "up on top," valley and valley rim are inextricably meshed. Champion livestock, as the Suffolk ram from P. J. Rock's ranch which sold for a record-breaking thirty-three hundred and fifty dollars at the 1948 Salt Lake sale, and grain such as the wheat that won the open wheat championship at the 1950 Royal Winter Fair for thirteen-year-old Ricky Sharpe, are as important to Drumheller as the coal.

Drumheller, the centre of all this, is apt to bustle a little self-consciously. Mackay likes to say it's "a modern city in every way." The view from his office window somewhat belies his words. Across the wide unpaved street are the typical railway hotel, the café and the low frame buildings of a cowtown. Ranchers and miners arrive in Chevrolets and Pontiacs but park them nose-into-curb like cow ponies at a hitching post. Youngsters in jeans head for the river shouldering their fishing poles.

It's hard to say whether secretary Mackay would be touchier about such reflections on Drumheller's metropolitan ambitions or about his other sore spot: the skimpy tourist trade. In spite of highly colored broadsides from his office and from the Alberta Government only a few hundred trippers trickle into the valley every year.

Mackay sees the badlands as a potential tourist gold mine and footnotes this view by quoting Guy Weadick, the manager of the Calgary Stampede, who, when he first saw the valley, turned to his wife and yelled: "Hey, Mother! Look at that. Now if those Americans had that they'd put billboards up all over and charge you two bits just for looking at it."

The natives are casual about their tourist attraction. One Californian who asked about the dinosaurs in a café was told by the puzzled waitress: "The cook says they're not on the menu today."

Then Came the Rockies

The Red Deer badlands are generally acknowledged to boast the thickest concentration of dinosaur bones in the world. The Russians, of course, challenge this claim. In 1948 they announced the discovery of "the remains of millions of dinosaurs" in the Gobi Desert near the capital of the Mongolian People's Republic. So far North American scientists haven't had a chance to make comparisons.

But Red Deer Valley specimens have raised the Royal Ontario Museum's vertebrate gallery to second place on the continent. (The American Museum of Natural History in New York is in top rank, also has extensive Red Deer collections.) Red Deer fossils grace the British Museum in London, the Argentina National Museum in Buenos Aires, the Brazilian National Museum in Rio de Janeiro and many others.

Sixty million years ago Alberta lay along the western shore of a shallow inland sea stretching from the Gulf of Mexico to the Arctic. It was a low-lying area of swamp and bayou. The Rocky Mountains were just beginning

to shoulder up to the west and from them flowed swift muddy rivers which formed deltas like those of the Mississippi. The region was, in fact, much like the Florida Everglades of today; the steamy bayous were choked with rushes, horsetails, swamp grass and roots of giant redwoods. Through the brackish water swam thirty-foot duck-billed dinosaurs feeding off the rank vegetation and preyed on by the terrible great-jawed carnivores.

No one knows why the dinosaurs died off but here in the swampy clay their bodies were entombed quickly before they decomposed. In the uneasy upthrustings of the earth's crust, in the recessions and risings of the seas, they were silted over and buried. Dissolved minerals replaced bone, cell by cell, until whole fossilized skeletons lay in a rocky matrix.

The presence of fossils was first recorded in 1884 and since then there have been at least forty fully equipped scientific expeditions to the valley. The University of Toronto alone sent out thirteen between 1918 and 1935. Eleven of these were headed by Levi Sternberg, an associate curator of the Royal Ontario Museum, who estimates he

WATER

It's something children want a drink of
The darnedest times that they can think of!

—Richard Wheeler

has prospected every inch of the beds at least three or four times himself.

Sternberg, a compact cheery business-like man, recently gave me some idea of what that quiet statement involves.

His summers are often disappointing, sometimes dangerous, always back-breaking. The party—usually five or six men—selects an area and each goes over a section painstakingly, seeking an outcrop that will tip off the presence of a fossil in the rock behind. Sometimes the signs are incredibly minute, so the men wear a curious headdress fitted with microscopes. Under the toiling sun the cliffs are treacherous with fragments; when it rains the clay is as slippery as soft soap.

When Sternberg finds a prospect the work starts in earnest. He must spend long hours propped under the outcrop, chipping at the overburden and digging underneath, extricating the fossil in its rock cradle so it won't crumble. Then the whole thing—sometimes in one-ton sections—must be coated with plaster and burlap (Sternberg has worked at this till his fingers were raw and bleeding) and lowered down the face of the cliff to be shipped off to the museums. There the preparation of one specimen for actual display may take four skilled men a whole winter.

Sternberg was reared to this sort of life. He comes from the most famous paleontological family on the continent. His paleontologist father, the late Charles H. Sternberg, of Lawrence, Kan., brought up his three sons—George, Charles and Levi—in his footsteps and all four have worked in the Red Deer badlands. Sternberg Sr. spent seven seasons there himself, took out five carloads of specimens and wrote a book about it.

Unsolved questions still face Sternberg and his colleagues: What stimulated the development of the dinosaurs in one age, the birds and mammals in the next? Why did the dinosaurs die

out? Could they no longer adapt to their environment? Was the race old and worn out as an individual becomes old and worn out? Could the same thing happen to man?

The dinosaurs of Alberta, because they occur in such great numbers, because they represent almost the last—and hence most specialized—of their race, and because they cover such a wide range of species, are helping lift a corner of the veil that hides the nature of life itself.

Another, slightly more frivolous, credit can be chalked up to the Red Deer dinosaurs. From studying their bones Wilfred Garstang-Hodgson, the valley's most famous resident, learned all he knows of anatomy.

Hodgson is a carver of juniper root. His work is known all through Canada, in Paris, London, Amsterdam and New York. Hodgson figures have been bought by Yousuf Karsh, Somerset Maugham, the Countess of Athlone, Greer Garson and the late Lord Tweedsmuir. He has sold them for as much as five hundred dollars.

In 1918 and 1919 when the University of Toronto sent out its first expeditions to the dinosaur beds Hodgson contracted to work as a guide for the party and crammed up on bones to make himself more useful. Now he uses this knowledge in his sculpture. He lives twenty miles downstream from Drumheller in the village of Dorothy. He is a lean man of sixty-seven with a tanned face, a bold hawk's nose and light keen eyes, who lives with his son Tom on a twenty-four-hundred-acre spread.

Along one wall of Hodgson's workshop are unfinished figures and the twisted juniper roots with stringy grey bark which are his raw material. Along the other wall are finished carvings—strange wild things, lifted on the wind and caught in motion. Most of them were women, tall and slender and long-limbed with remote Asiatic faces and draperies whipping about them. All are about twelve to eighteen inches high and in the grained wood of the juniper root which shades from rich rosy brown to creamy white.

The valley was settled at the century by ranchers who arrived on the wave of the great western migration. In 1910 Jesse Gouge, a great Sydney Greenstreet of a man, came to Drumheller, found coal a little way upstream, filed a lease on one thousand acres and opened the Newcastle Mine.

He is still alive and when he talks about old times his voice is a wheezy faraway whisper. He remembers the early years when Calgary was two full days away and mail came by stage-coach, when pioneers borrowed pails of water along with their cups of sugar because water was scarce in the arid badlands. Those were the days of cattle rustlers who drifted into the country around 1912 and 1913.

Rustling is still going on but now it's mostly hit-and-run. The rustlers ride up in a truck, shoot a single calf and load it in the back for sale to those who don't demand government-inspected meat. It's a far cry from the time rustlers got eighty or ninety head from a shipment of dogies Harold Pope brought from the east.

With the Twenties a good deal of the excitement began to centre around the towns. Bootleggers and bordellos did a brisk trade. The section up by Newcastle, on Drumheller's outskirts, was known as the Western Front in forthright recognition of the number of brawls, and there was a tendency in Calgary to refer to the Drumhellerites as Drumhellerites.

The Thirties did a good deal toward sobering up the District. Depression stalked the miners and drought stalked



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LEN NORRIS GOES TO A SMALL-TOWN RINK



farmers and ranchers. The last decade has been better. Miners make fifteen to eighteen dollars a shift. A single crop of wheat recently brought one district farmer a cheque for eighty-five thousand dollars and another farming family spent five hundred dollars in one day in Drumheller shops. With the coming of rural electrification, appliance shops like the one in East Coulee run by Nellie Sloan and her husband Clare can't keep up with the demand for five-hundred-dollar deep freezers and two-hundred-dollar ranges.

The Sloans also operate three taxicabs. Mrs. Sloan, a short sturdy greying woman in her forties, is an adept chauffeur who can drive a car expertly along the south road which breasts the canyon wall and then swings wide of it through field after field of wheat. Here, one afternoon, she drove me through the even green broken by sloughs and vivid with wild flowers. The harvest moon was rising behind us, making folds of shadow where the fields rolled abruptly to the edge of an invisible coulee probing in from the valley.

Mrs. Sloan told me that when she first came to the Red Deer valley she took one horrified look at the arid gaping chasm and gasped: "You could put a roof over that and herd prisoners into it, but it's no place for civilized people to live." Now it's as much a part of her life as Niagara Falls is to those who live beside the cataract.

They Found a Frozen Herder

Like most of the people of the badlands she doesn't either collect fossils or speculate on what questions the paleontologists seek to answer among the skeletons of ancient creatures. The valley poses different problems to her.

The constant fast erosion often causes landslides along the roads where she drives her cabs. Sometimes she has to phone ahead to find out if the ferry that was ripped from its moorings in the spring breakup is tethered in place again. She talks of getting lost on picnics. It's easy to get lost if you try to go cross-country; most of the county roads swing wide on the plains, swooping down to the river bed only where there's a hamlet or a ferry.

But the badlands aren't always a bogey. The valley provides shelter. Melons, grapes and plums can be grown in the short hot summers down below. When it's so dry that the sloughs are pits of cracking clay the cattle from up on top can come down to drink in the river. When deep snow and driving blizzards sweep down on the prairie the livestock can shelter in the coulees. That's important. Last March a Mountie found the bodies of fifteen hundred sheep and their herder frozen stiff where they huddled in the open. Though it was calm five hundred feet below they had perished in a late storm up on top.

Valley dwellers can sometimes stand outside their homes in the still air and hear wind whistling overhead from one rim to the other.

Mrs. Sloan pulled the car round a hairpin corner and the valley lay below, a sprinkling of lights which was East Coulee and a red angry glow which was the bone-coal pile at one of the mines, burning day and night and now brightening and darkening as though it were breathing. Up and down the valley, past the lights, lay the misshapen mounds and towers of the badlands. Moonlight distorted them into pale cracked stretches of crater and hill like the sterile landscape of some unfamiliar planet.

"It looks kind of weird, doesn't it?" said Mrs. Sloan. "But personally I wouldn't live anywhere else." ★



WIT AND WISDOM



Sugar, Daddy?—A small town is where, when you find a girl eating dinner with a man old enough to be her father, he is. —*Brandon (Man.) Daily Sun.*

Odd Man Out—By Party order, American Communists hereafter will not meet in gatherings larger than three persons. Thus shortening the odds on which is the FBI undercover man. —*The Calgary Herald.*

To Small Boys and Others—There's nothing wrong with getting out on a limb—that's where the fruit is. —*Niagara Falls Evening Review.*

Ananias in Striped Pants—Diplomacy can be defined as lying in state. —*Caledonia (Ont.) Grand River Schem.*

Invisible Means—A boy is at the in-between age in life when he knows why a strapless evening gown is held up but doesn't know how. —*Calgary Albertan.*

Transparent—It is easy to see through a man who makes a spectacle of himself. —*Brandon (Man.) Daily Sun.*

What a Comedown—A group of parachutist recruits were receiving their final instructions before going up.

"Now remember," said the instructor, "what you have to do.

When your turn comes, jump through the hole, count ten, then pull the ripcord. If the parachute doesn't open, count ten again and pull the ripcord again. When you reach land, you'll find motorcycles waiting, Bren guns and equipment."

Up they went in the plane. Number Five's turn came. He dived through, counted ten and pulled the cord. Nothing happened, so he pulled the cord again. Still nothing happened.

"Just like the Army!" he muttered. "No organization. When I get down I suppose there won't be any motorcycles." —*Fredericton Daily Gleaner.*

Once in a Lifetime—In a small town a tourist approached an old-timer on the steps of the general store. "Say," he asked, "what's the death rate around here?"

"Same as it is back east, bub," answered the old fellow, "one to each person." —*Trail Times.*

Guilt Edged—A badly wrapped parcel of Bibles arrived at a post office, and when the mail bag was opened the contents were scattered on the floor.

Seeing the beautiful calf binding and gilt edges, a postman exclaimed: "Fancy sending a parcel of Bibles in that state. Anybody a bit religious might be tempted to pinch one." —*Medicine Hat News.*

JASPER

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A VANCOUVER schoolteacher who lives in an apartment block woke early one morning and was pottering around in her kitchenette in wrapper and curlers when she found that she had no cream for her coffee. Her milkman wasn't due till eleven but another dairy also serviced the block and its milkman made his rounds earlier. When she heard his bottles clanking she hurried out and spotted him at the other end of the hall waiting for the elevator.

She didn't want to call for fear of disturbing other people so she gave a low whistle. He didn't look up. She whistled again.

This time he turned. He gave her a long slow look, taking in curlers, housecoat and general deshabille. Then he shook his head gently but firmly and stepped into the elevator.

Coming home late one night an Edmonton man turned down his own dimly lit street and noticed that his wife had left the porch light on for him. Just a few paces ahead of him was a woman who kept glancing back over her shoulder. When she reached the lighted house she suddenly turned and ran up the steps. When he followed her onto his own



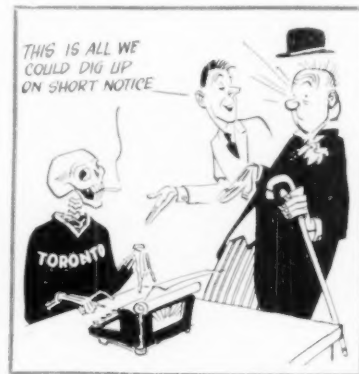
porch the woman pounded frantically on the door and called to his wife, "Let me in, let me in. This horrible man is following me!"

A farmer near Hazel Ridge, Man., was raking together the remains of a smudge while his herd of cattle stamped around him trying to switch away a swarm of flies and mosquitoes. When the smoke began to curl up around the farmer a calf stepped up from behind, bunted him clear over the fire and took his place in the rising smoke.

After conventional methods had failed to find a desperately needed home for a family in Prince Albert, Sask., they advertised: "Fast-living couple addicted to alcohol, tobacco, marijuana and parties, with one noisy kid and tomcat, require house by Jan. 1. Bribe of \$20 offered." They got results.

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.

Just before Christmas a department head of a Toronto firm, asked by his staff whether a long week end was in prospect, replied that a skeleton staff must remain at work except for Sunday and Christmas day. Next



morning in his office he found a literal skeleton staff already on duty at a typewriter, wearing a blazer and smoking a cigarette. The staff had borrowed him from a friendly doctor.

A Tuxford, Sask., woman was intrigued by the sign on a truck that recently drove into her yard. It read "Riskan—Hope Farm, Aylesbury, Sask." She asked the driver to translate for her. Was his name Riskan dash Hope? Or just Hope? Or just what was his name? He told her the truck was borrowed from a neighbor, who when it became compulsory to put the farm name on trucks chose this one. The way he looked at it, said the driver, was that he risked his seed every spring and hoped all summer for crop. Couldn't think of a better name for the old place.

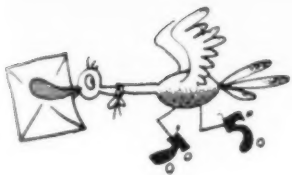
Last summer an American woman dropped in at an Ontario Government Information booth to express her gratitude for Canadian courtesy during her trip up north. She had been especially impressed by the Queen Elizabeth highway with its ER signs. "It was so nice of you," she wound up, "to call that beautiful highway after Eleanor Roosevelt."

The sergeant at the complaint desk in a Calgary police station has to be ready for anything. Recently he got a call from a woman who asked what she should wear to a formal dance.

"A dress," he suggested helpfully. "No, what should I wear on my head?"

"A flower or ornament, but no hat."

"Gee, thanks," she said.



MAILBAG

Thanks to Maclean's for publishing the true report on the De Bernonville affair (Nov. 15). What a disgrace to Canada that we have in our midst those who schemed to smuggle him in and actually and deliberately condoned his actions.—Laurence Fryer, Calgary, Alta.

● The De Bernonville article poses the question: "Has the same foreign power that secretly got him out of France now holed him up with his friend Hitler?" The Russians, you know, have stated "there is no evidence that Hitler was killed."—Wm. S. Thompson, Barrhead, Alta.

● Hearty congratulations. We could do with more on the same subject, and there is plenty of material.—L. A. Bond, Natal, B.C.

Bax Always Comes First

This is the first time I ever put forth real effort to support a writer. Your



Beverley Baxter has been an ever-inspiring story writer and we always read his story FIRST.—Elma I. Brown, Toronto.

A Welcome for Maggie

Must tell you that Maggie's Leaving Home, by Edna Staebler (Nov. 1), is the best thing that has appeared in any magazine that comes to this house. Everyone would like to know something about Edna Staebler and if we can expect more of her articles.—Gordon Eckardt, Toronto.

● Why do reporters like Edna Staebler always write on such tiny villages as Neil's Harbor? Are you by any chance trying to give the rest of Canada the impression that Cape Bretoners are imbeciles who are unable to use correct English, and are so backward that most of them have never even been in a car. I'd like to have this reporter, Maclean's, and its many readers, know that I lived in a small town, Sydney Mines, for twenty-three years... and I can truthfully say that I have never heard the people speak as Edna Staebler says Maggie and her family do.—Mrs. V. MacNeil, Stamford, Ont.

A City Sucker Talks Back

I have read I've Quit the City for Keeps by John Ewing (Sept. 15) and I protest against the last sentence of the third paragraph of the story: "I think anyone who lives in the city is a sucker."

I live in a city and I like it more than any part of the country. I would like to know what the country would do without the big cities and what Mr. Ewing would do without the "suckers" of the city who go to his lodge to help him make a decent living.—Alfred Renaud, Quebec City.

Still More About Trail

Mr. Bernard McMahon, from Trail, B.C., in Mailbag Sept. 15, gave what he says is the true side of the case on the union situation here in Trail.

I, too, am a young married man, with three children, five years' service overseas in two theatres of war. I have worked in Trail for more than ten years, never belonged to a company union, but was active in the Mine-Mill Union. I, with many hundreds of my fellow trade unionists, was sick and

tired of the rotten Communist activities the union was led into by Harvey Murphy and the rest of the Communist leaders of Mine-Mill. I joined with other men on the Hill, who were never connected with any company union, and we told the men the truth, and signed them up by the hundreds.

Mr. McMahon says seven hundred men wanted their cards back in the first week, but couldn't get them. Mr. McMahon is not telling the truth. I was in the office for the first month of the campaign and, during that whole

period, only one man wanted his card back, or the original destroyed, and he got his request.

The fact of the matter is, your article (How a Red Union Bosses Atom Workers, April 1) is so close to the truth that it hurts these people.—Len Greenwood, Kinnaird, B.C.

Keenleyside and Schacht

I admire Dr. Keenleyside for his courage; foolish perhaps from a worldly standpoint, but does that really matter?—Maud Watherston, Toronto. ★

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